WHAT HAPPENED AT QUEBEC . . . By Christopher Morley

OCT 17 '44

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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"IMMORTAL WIFE"
by Irving Stone
Reviewed by George Genzmer

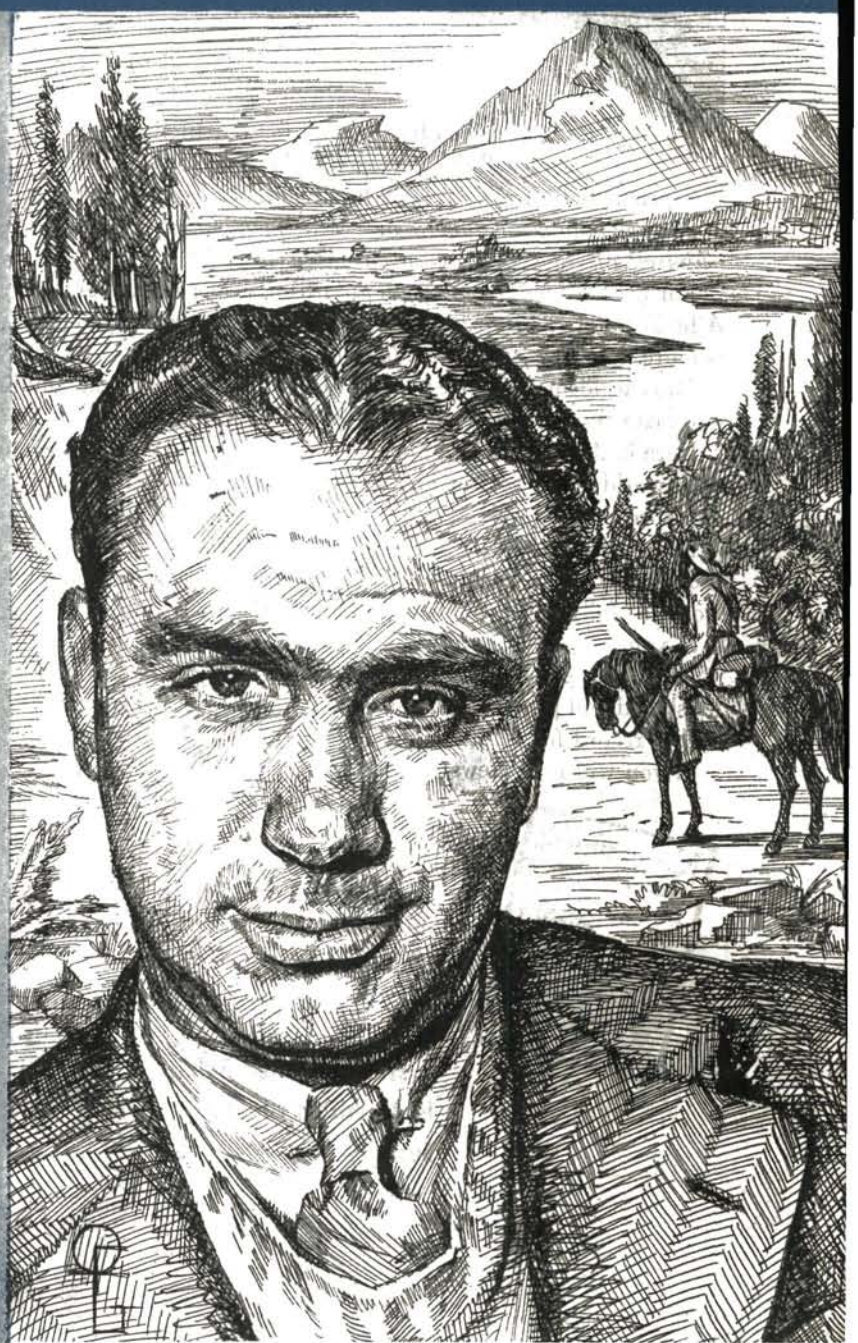
"JOURNEY THROUGH CHAOS"
by Agnes E. Meyer
Reviewed by Hal Borland

"CITIZEN TOUSSAINT"
by Ralph Korngold
Reviewed by William S. Lynch

"WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME"
by Dixon Wecter
Reviewed by James Truslow Adams

"THE CROSS AND THE ARROW"
by Albert Maltz
Reviewed by Robert Pick

STRICTLY PERSONAL
by Philip Wylie



—SRL Drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield

IRVING STONE, author of "Immortal Wife," writes of a rich segment of American history. (See page 7)

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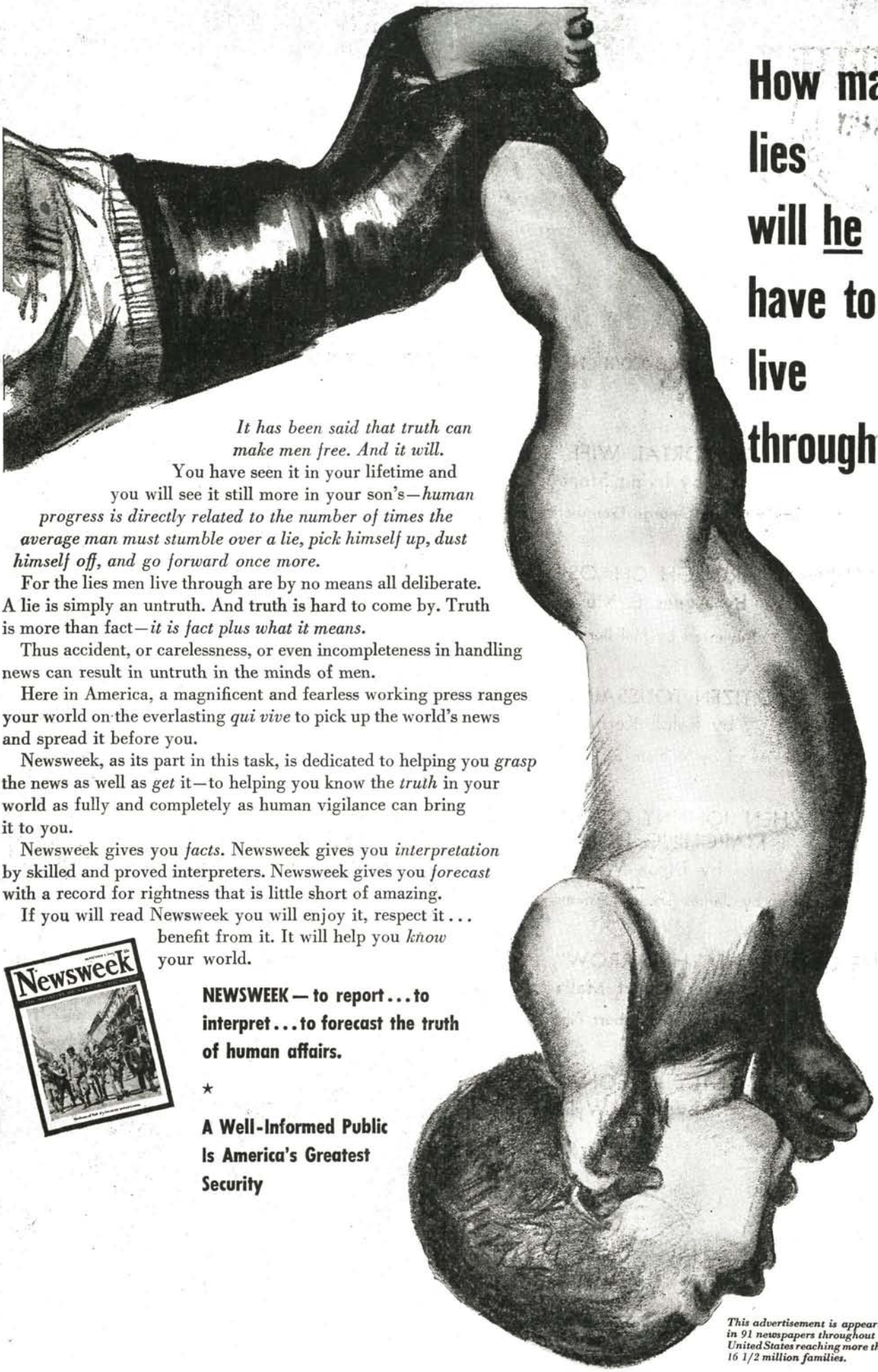

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A Welcome

AND AN ANNOUNCEMENT

Photo by Milton J. Pike

ERNIE PYLE is home again for a brief furlough. He has written, in his many great columns from Africa, Sicily, Italy, England, France, America's own story of the war. He is one of the most famous men in the world simply because he is one of the best loved. His book from Africa, HERE IS YOUR WAR, has been read by over half a million people. After a year it is still high on all best seller lists.

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by Ernie Pyle

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The Saturday Review of Literature

What Happened at Quebec

(Autour d'une Conference)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THIS is really a piece in honor of the Number 3 tramway, City of Quebec. Wherever and whenever we wanted to go, from the Liquor Commission store in the Place d'Armes down to our comfortable little hotel in the Basse Ville, Number 3 was prompt and ready. Down St. Louis or up St. John, Number 3 goes trundling on. Nobody thinks of assailing the busy wattman-conducteur every few street corners to ask him how far he's got now. Number 3 will set you down right at the doorway of the Frontenac where you can watch the steel-helmeted provosts saluting with such snap that their hands quiver. You can't get in unless you're official, but you hum to yourself (from "The Gondoliers")

On every side Field-Marshals gleamed,
Small beer were Lords-Lieutenant deemed,
With Admirals the ocean teemed
Round Canada's Dominion.

Anyway you can look in through the open windows of the Frontenac's big basement laundry and speculate whose important shirts and slips those are. Official linen was running short by then, and I was amused to see Mr. Morgenthau go by carrying a cardboard box that looked as though it contained a clean shirt—unless it was income tax returns, for the date was exactly September 15.

Life continues, even during an international conference, and I was sorry for the correspondents who supposed they had nothing to write about. It would be easy to fabricate a picturesque antithesis: Churchill and FDR going to ground like moles behind the moats and re-entrants of the Citadel, versus the clear glass windows of the Frontenac coffee shop, converted to press and telegraph office, where unhappy journalists sat before typewriters wondering what they could report. Usually they went back to the Clarendon, the best eating place in Quebec, to exchange speculation and wisecrack. They took in one another's joshing. Or perhaps they caught up on their reading—I saw Mr. Shirer wandering about, looking rather baffled but clutching Lippmann's "U. S. Foreign Policy." The head waiter at the Clarendon is inclined to be a little high hat (which only a chef has a right to) and we had to take him down a notch. Indignation stimulates even the most sluggish French. As he palavered endlessly with some crony we cried fiercely, *"Vous êtes trop pressé pour soigner les clients, vous?"* He had the grace to be a little ashamed. On a table by the door he keeps a bottle labelled by the famous Chauvenet of Nuits, but it's only a symbol. When I explained to him that I have an old wine tariff autographed by M. Chauvenet himself, and memories of the Hotel de la Poste in Beaune, he brought out some excellent Australian Burgundy (Emu brand, from Morphett Vale, South Australia). Australia seems to be getting around, for my companion Bill Hall, zealot for international trade, learned from a fur merchant that Canada now imports wallabies to be dyed and sold as beaver. He was also tickled to find, in a gift shop specializing in Quebec *habitant* wares, mahogany dishes from Haiti.

AT first I was inclined to think that the correspondents were wasting time and expense money by being there at all. Then a sagacious Canadian journalist suggested that these affairs are really, for the press, a kind of trade convention. They get to know one another and exchange confidential humors and anxieties. What idealists and rainbow chasers they are too, always earnestly believing that some terrific story will break; but how meagre are those dim purple mimeograph handouts. Maybe a list of guests at the dinner party given by the Governor General and the Princess Alice; or the broadcasts by Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Churchill. The ladies did their best: Mrs. Roosevelt had a hairdo, which was good for a local story: but even they must have been starved

Newsmen crowd around the principals at a Quebec press conference.

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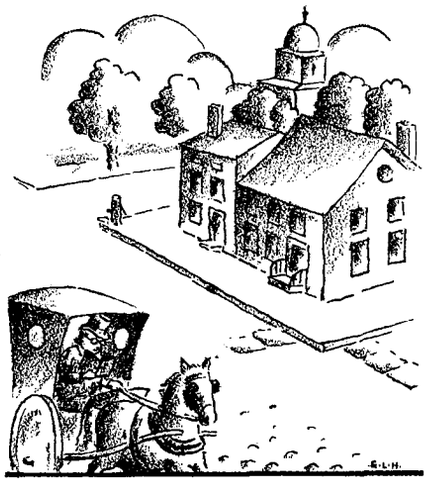
for news, for Mrs. Churchill was seen earnestly scanning the bulletins in front of a Quebec newspaper office.

The press conscientiously desires to be educated, one commentator told me, but is given very little chance. "I'm running with my tongue hanging out," he said, "trying to catch up on what was actually happening two or three years ago." I can't think that this problem will ever be solved, and my own theory is that the really significant news transpires mostly by accident, overtone, humble analogy, and parable. You can't possibly get facts, but you can get feelings. How sardonically apropos of Quebec province's much discussed isolationism was a sentence on the Canada Steamship Line's menu card—it greatly pleased a Raw Deal editor who saw it—"the early French settlers who, seeking surcease from Europe's troubles, followed Jacques Cartier to the New World." And here, exclaimed the gloomy editor, is Churchill landing at Wolfe's Cove to lay those same troubles right in their lap.

I don't myself agree with that viewpoint, but I've got time to listen to them all and no story to get on the wires. I thought that even Mackenzie King looked a little anxious when Churchill said how much he looked forward to fighting all the way across the Pacific alongside the Canadians. The only kind of reporting I reproach is that which deliberately gives a false impression. One famous journalist wrote of "the festooned turrets of the Citadel," but the Citadel has no turrets. The only festooning was the long trails of wire draped round the Chateau for the newsmen's own use. I have no particular resentment of privacy since I cherish my own; even in so small an affair as the choice of the Book-of-the-Month our committee has learned how necessary it is to safeguard its discussions. It seemed to me that when the time came for Roosevelt and Churchill to talk to the press they managed to say nothing with great skill and charm. I thought them wrong in using so cheery a tone (the shocking mob-scene in Rome a few days later gives a warning of the sort of thing that can happen). I wasn't more than ten or twelve feet away (on cramped knees; reporters have to kneel or squat so the photographers can shoot over them) and I think I'm an accurate watcher. One story said that at a good point in Churchill's talk Mrs. Churchill gave him a wifely nudge on the knee. I was there and it simply didn't happen. Another said that FDR spoke with "finger-stabbing emphasis." Not so. He spoke very quietly indeed, like a man mortally



tired. Churchill was wearing zoot-boots with zippers. I hope they work, otherwise he'll die, as he should, with them on. I was staggered when the *Montreal Standard's* reporter wrote that they "looked well and rested."

Henry J. Taylor (of Scripps-Howard) was I think the only correspondent who tried, within the limitations of convention, to suggest the physical truth. Even Churchill, the imp of destiny, looked a bit bloodshot from late sitting. But true parliamentarian that he is, he warmed to his instinctive rhetoric: one of those four-part climaxes which no one quoted correctly, nor can I, for I made no notes. I was afraid to reach into my pocket for my pencil, for the redcoat Canadian M.P. just behind the P.M. kept his eyes fiercely on me (the only beard there, and looking very Trotsky). But I grinned appreciatively at the sequence, and Mrs. Churchill, through bright blue sun-glasses (I must have looked to her like Bluebeard) exchanged a twinkle with me as Winnie said, of last year's Quebec meeting, "What was then in the egg is now on the hoof, what was then only a sprout has grown to be a mighty plant, what was then mere design has grown to be a mortal blow." There was a quaternion clause, but I've forgotten it; and so has he. I'm on their side, both of them; brave men, doing their damnedest. Which reminds me, more permanent news than any that came out of Quebec was a meeting, held over the telephone across wires down by hurricane, of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Ernie Pyle's account of the American share in the Invasion was chosen, a book called "Brave Men." It is a part of our national record.

AND even during a Conference life goes on. I was walking outside the Citadel and heard children in a schoolhouse reciting in unison. I peered through the window (briefly, not to embarrass the pretty young mistress) and this is what they were chanting, I suppose from some Canadian classic:

Only the busy beetle
Tap-tapping in the wall;
Only from the forest
The screech-owls call.

Roosevelt and Churchill, God help them, were the busy beetles. The correspondents were the screech-owls.

It's queer, you meet a pleasant fellow in the Clarendon or St. Louis Hotel, he admits he knows no more than you do about what's happening, but when you read his dispatch in one of the papers a couple of days later you're astounded how much Inside Dope he seems to have acquired. No wonder there are those great mountains of pulpwood at the mouth of the St. Charles River. They'll be helpful in the waste paper collection a few weeks hence. But it seems a roundabout way of helping the waste paper drive—just as Montmorency Falls is a Rube Goldberg sort of device to provide a suicide club for butterflies. Sitting on a rock near the foot of the falls I saw four of them flutter too close and get sucked in by the draught. What the guide books always insist is that Montmorency is 100 or so feet higher than Niagara, but more to my pleasure was to remember (perhaps reminded by the butterflies) that Keats had mentioned it. I wonder how he heard about it? See "Sleep and Poetry," 85-89:

Stop and consider! Life is but a day....
A poor Indian's sleep
While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
Of Montmorenci.

I think the most honest method is to give you a precis of a few notes made *au jour le jour.*

SEPTEMBER 10. Waked early on train for customs inspection. Made enthusiastic speech to the officer, saying what pleasure to be in Canada again after all these years. A country truly civilized, I said; soon, after the unkempt litter of Rouse's Point, I shall see the trim lawns and flowerbeds of Montreal West. America, I was about to say, has the *anima naturaliter untidy* (couldn't think of any Latin for *untidy*) but I noticed he looked peevish. "Why are you leaving the United States?" he asked, and I learned he was the U. S. immigration inspector.

SUNDAY MORNING IN MONTREAL: Very peaceful and presbyterian. Scrambled from bathtub three times to watch church parades on Sherbrooke Street, sailors, Wrens and Cwacs. Wrens wear black stockings, Cwacs beige, Air Force girls gray. Odd, this was also the first thing noticed, independently, by my companion Bill Hall.—On Ste.

(*Continued on page* 29)

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Through the Eyes on to the Nation

IMMORTAL WIFE: THE BIOGRAPHICAL NOVEL OF JESSIE BENTON FREMONT. By Irving Stone. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 456 pp. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE GENZMER

THIS vigorous, vivid, and tender narrative opens in 1839 with an afternoon party at Miss English's famous boarding school at Georgetown, D. C. Senator Benton is on the point of introducing Lieutenant Fremont to his daughter Jessie. It was an historic moment, but no one was aware of it at the time, and the usually far-sighted Senator was the last to find it out. A full half-century later the story closes at Los Angeles, with Jessie Benton Fremont, impoverished and widowed but undismayed, looking back serenely on her fifty years' partnership with the man she loved. The intervening pages are a rich segment of American history, continental in scope, thronged with great names—soldiers, politicians, writers, inventors, engineers, explorers—and bristling with great events from the annexation of Texas to the Reconstruction period. But despite its panoramic background, "Immortal Wife" is primarily a study of a happy marriage.

One can't write at length about John Charles Fremont without writing also about Jessie Benton Fremont any more than one can write about Aaron Burr and ignore Theodosia or about John Adams and neglect Abigail. Generally speaking, there is only one way to write about Jessie. In actual life she was a good deal of a trial to several soldiers and statesmen intent on doing their sworn duty; but for literary purposes the accepted attitude is that of adoration. About her husband, however, there is no such approach to unanimity of opinion. Professor Allan Nevins has said all that can be said for him by a resourceful and honest advocate. Professor Cardinal Goodwin has said most of the things that an honest advocate can say against him, and Mr. Bernard DeVoto has cheerfully supplied some omissions. The truth seems to be that Fremont was one of those recurring nuisances in a republic, a soldier with glamor, with a literary style, with political ambition, and with no political sense. About such a man agreement as to character and motive comes slowly.

Mr. Irving Stone has chosen the kindliest way of writing about him that a just man could choose, concealing nothing but seeing everything through the eyes of his adoring Jessie. He can do this because of his literary

—*Leja Gorska*

Agnes E. Meyer

what can be done and must be done in the years ahead. The bulk of the book shows the magnitude of the problem.

There have been tremendous shifts of population without adequate preparations for their needs. Huge industrial slums have been created virtually overnight, and even where local authorities have tried to bring order out of chaos they have often been thwarted by federal confusion or red tape or conflicts of authority. Where the local agencies have thrown up their hands in despair, conditions have been unimaginably squalid, without sanitary facilities, health protection, recreation centers, nursery or secondary schooling. Such elemental matters as housing and food have been badly fumbled. Juvenile delinquency has grown incredibly, and family morals have disintegrated. Social stresses, particularly inter-racial stresses, have greatly increased.

Those are the recurrent themes. Mrs. Meyer found those problems virtually everywhere. If one would seek the worst first, let him turn directly to her report on Leesville, La., as damning an account of greed, negligence, and moral disintegration as I've read in some time; and, from the stories of service men who have been there, thoroughly justified. But there is only one Leesville in this book. Elsewhere Mrs. Meyer found somebody trying to make at least a dent in the situation, some hope for the future. And she found honest effort and worthy results in such places as Cleveland, Wichita, Vallejo and Richmond, Calif., Orange, Tex., Pascagoula, Miss., Long Island City, and Bath, Me.

In Cleveland there is a strong tradition of civic pride and local responsibility, together with a spirit of community coöperation. "The whole force of the community is put behind the war effort, without waiting to find out what Washington ought to do to help." She found industry in that area just as eager to get things done, and done right, as were the local authorities, and she cites such companies as the Graphite Bronze Company, Jack & Heinz, Warner & Swazey, whose experiments in worker welfare, morale, and coöperation have been particularly successful.

In Wichita she found that the local authorities knew exactly what was going on, the scope of their problems, and what had to be done to meet them. Wichita is not perfect by any means, but it is working as a community to master the situation. In Orange, Tex., a shipyard town boomed from 7,500 population in 1940 to 35,000 today; she found that J. W. Edgar, the superintendent of schools, had done a magnificent job of training, child care, and general community service. The social setup, headed by the school system, had wrought something very like a miracle in one of the most unpromising situations. In Pascagoula, Miss., she found civic pride and foresight, good schools, better housing than might be expected in this emergency, concern over health and moral problems, sensible planning for the welfare of a considerable Negro population. In Long Island City she found an airplane company, Grumman, which solved the housing, health, and morale problems by putting human needs first. Production has boomed as a result.

These were typical bright spots of accomplishment. But even there, in all these places, she found typical troubles. Most persistent were inadequate housing, which at times became frightful; rationing tangles and food shortages which showed how amateurish were some of the Washington controls; lack of recreation, lack of schooling, lack of care for children, juvenile delinquency, marital disintegration, health problems. Workers who had been on relief for years were afraid of the future and often spent their new earnings as quickly as they could so that they would be ready to qualify for relief again when the war ended. This premeditated pauperism is one of the most blighting psychological results of the whole WPA philosophy and program. It seems to me that Mrs. Meyer gives it insufficient emphasis when she discusses the continuing need for welfare work and social service. She does not track it back to the philosophical source and pin it on the professional "Papa will provide" group which still emphasizes

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the rights rather than the obligations of citizenship.

In matters of government, education, welfare, and industry she does point out the confusions and failures that arise from over-concentration of authority, and she indicates the successes that follow a policy of local responsibility and initiative. Where they are present, conditions are invariably better than where they have been lost in a general attitude of buck-passing. She found that the Army was, almost without exception, more successful than the Federal Government in getting things done and problems settled, not because the Army used force but because it delegated authority and demanded results without quibbling over details. This points not to military rule, but to local responsibility and initiative.

Her discussion of the Negro problem is eminently sane and reasonable. She pulls no punches in discussing the situation right in Washington, where Congress itself can, or should, smell its stench. Her observations in Pascagoula indicate what can be done and must be done, but she emphasizes that Pascagoula is a shining exception to what has been done not only in the South but in the North as well. In her summary at the end of the book she says:

> In my observations of the Negro problem . . . I realized that much of the white man's cruelty, callousness and injustice toward the Negro is due to the fact that he, himself, does not feel secure in the precarious, competitive world that we have made for ourselves. The new integration of the social scene, that is already under way in our most advanced communities, has become imperative. There are no other means in sight to check the anarchy and drift, the dangerous isolation of the individual in our impersonal, uprooted, trailer-minded society, and to restore the feeling of brotherhood and friendliness which many of our people, through no fault of their own, have been steadily losing.

And she adds this point:

> What the average American yearns for, especially the high-school boys and girls, is inspiring guidance to a new, unselfish way of life. The feeling is everywhere that we Americans have somehow lost our democratic birthright. . . .

These are fine generalities, but at least they show something of the wind's direction, and they come close to the nebulous truth. One cannot read this book through without realizing, however, that the leadership of which she dreams is now rising primarily from enlightened management and from vigorous community leadership rather than from over-all government. That is, to me, the brightest hope.

Liberator of Genius

CITIZEN TOUSSAINT. By Ralph Korngold. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1944. 358 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

IF the inspiring quality of its subject is the prime requisite for a popular biography, this one of Haiti's greatest hero deserves the widest acclaim. For Toussaint L'Ouverture belongs to that historic band of fighters for freedom who comprise the conscience and the glory of the democratic tradition. Wordsworth's "most unhappy man of men" dying in the dungeon of Fort de Joux may not have had the satisfaction of realizing that he had thwarted the ambitions of Napoleon in the New World. But he did have the solace of knowing that he had liberated thousands of his fellow-slaves and had proved forever to the world that the colored race can produce high genius.

Generally speaking, Toussaint L'Ouverture has not fared well of his biographers. The exotic materials of his life are not for the detached observer. The exciting background of Hispaniola, the constant clash of arms, the heated emotions of racial strife are too melodramatic and too fraught with social power to leave the onlooker unmoved. He has been deified by admirers like Wendell Phillips and declared a knave by apologists for his enemies. Ralph Korngold, the author of this study of the man, strives hard to see Toussaint whole but sometimes is carried away by his partisanship. Strict moralists will not find enough justification for duplicity in the even greater mendacity of the general's opponents. Yet the most carping must agree with the author's acceptance of Beauchamp's judgment that the Negro leader was "one of the most remarkable men in an age rich in remarkable men."

—Drawing by Warren Chappell, from the book.
Toussaint L'Ouverture

Mr. Korngold likes men whose struggle against social abuse was violent and bloody. His earlier biography in English was of Robespierre, that controversial figure of the French Revolution. There, too, he found a hero to his liking. To his great credit he never becomes doctrinaire. His sense of the scholar's responsibility is too strong, to let him sift the evidence for a predetermined social philosophy.

The author knows his field well. Studies of Robespierre, Saint-Just, and now Toussaint L'Ouverture give him a sureness of touch in his handling of the stuff of French history in the decades of the Revolution and of Napoleon. Only in times of war do we seem to remember how closely these events were related to the American hemisphere. Readers of "Citizen Toussaint" will draw their analogies from current newspapers and radio communiqués. The purchase of Louisiana marked the end of one despot's plot to extend a new-world order to the West. Now as another's power recedes toward the vanishing point, they will discover how much they owe to the ex-slave who defeated armies of Britain, France, and Spain, and in effect forced the great Napoleon to turn the Mississippi Valley over to the United States. Perhaps the more famous French retreat from Moscow was no more important than the retreat from St. Domingo. Certainly this author's case is strong.

These events make stirring reading as Mr. Korngold tells them. They form the all too familiar pattern of cruelty and atrocity that marks the history of racism—most horrible when mulatto fights black. Yet, as always, there rises an heroic figure, righteous and strong, around whom the underlying forces of human decency gather. This time it is Toussaint L'Ouverture, a "Black Napoleon" in military skill and organization, but, as Ralph Korngold shows, a man of his people of whom all peoples can be proud.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 548)

MAUROIS:

THE MIRACLE OF AMERICA

The United States appears to the historian as a young country, romantic and vigorous, which has its maturity and classic period still before it. For many years there will be "a frontier" in America for those who are worthy of it.

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When the Veterans Return

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME. By Dixon Wecter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1944. 588 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

DIXON WECTER, now thirty-eight years old, has already had a distinguished career as teacher, writer, and observer. I have had the pleasure of reviewing favorably two of his earlier volumes, "The Saga of American Society," and "The Hero in America." Those dealt with our American *past*. His latest book, just published, deals with a topic of the first importance for the *future* of America. It is a small volume in bulk and easy to hold and read but is on a large scale, running to almost six hundred pages.

In view of its importance we may say a word or two more about the author for those who may not know, even if we seem to be cribbing from the jacket and "Who's Who." Does the author know what he is talking about? He should, and I think he does. Educated at Baylor University, Yale, and Oxford, where he was a Rhodes Scholar, he has since taught at various universities in the West—in Texas, Colorado, and California. I am interested to learn that he is writing the final volume for the Macmillan thirteen-volume series of the "History of American Life," of which I myself wrote the one first published although it was not Volume I. He has collaborated in other works on America, besides writing his own historical volumes, and has now for some time been instructing classes of Army and Navy students whom he modestly has said "are teaching him a good deal more than he is teaching them," and so is getting first-hand information as to what the present armed forces are thinking about and reacting to. The volume which we are now commenting on was prepared during a fifteen months' tenure as a Fellow of the Guggenheim Foundation.

Now for the book itself. Obviously "V-Day," though it will solve many problems and bring intense relief, will also open a Pandora's box of new problems, such as government finance, world organization, inflation, unemployment, and others. Among these, and closely related to and influencing many of them, will be the attitudes of the returning and demobilized forces, and this time they will number some eleven million individuals, men and women.

What they may think about all specific problems and American life in general will be one of the greatest of the unknown factors making for the unknown future. Nobody can predict, but Mr. Wecter combines what he has been learning from his present contacts with an historical approach.

I advise whoever takes up the book to read carefully the preliminary twenty pages or so called "After Three Wars." In those he will get clearly and excellently put what the author is driving at and what all the rest of the volume is about, as well as, perhaps, a glimpse of Wecter's Achilles Heel when he writes that the National Resources Planning Board was abolished by Congress "for no better reason than that its chairman [the amiable Mr. Delano now in his eighty-second year] was the President's uncle and that it was also suspected of liberalism." That, of course, is typical New Deal stuff. Call names and impugn the motives of all who disagree with you. This is no place for me to write about the Report and the illogical and incongruous new Bill of Rights which it tried to add to the Constitution, but, when I read that statement and thought of nearly six hundred pages more to come, I wondered what was ahead of me, for I *do* read the books I review. However, although I found occasional snap-judgments on matters which seem to me to be still controversial, I found the text sound and containing a large fund of information relative to what I have said is one of the outstanding problems ahead of us.

Leaving aside minor frays, such as the War of 1812, Indian wars, the Mexican and Spanish Wars, the author studies with increasing detail, and I think also with increasing knowledge and understanding, the American Revolution, the Civil War, World War I, and what sort of men are in service in this present war and what their outlook and future attitude may be. That strange animal called "the printer's devil" is always at work, and there has never been such a thing as the "perfect book." It is ever easy to call attention to minor errors, and possibly for young reviewers such pointings may increase their own feeling of knowledge and importance. I am now an old campaigner, and for me the main things to talk about are, is the subject of the book important, does the author know enough about what he is talking about to make reading his book worth while, and is it, on the whole, accurate as to facts?

Dixon Wecter

In the case of this book I believe I can answer all these questions affirmatively, though certain remarks, such as the one I quoted, annoyed me. Mr. Wecter is young as an historian. He was too young to be in World War I, in which, ten years over draft age, I was in the Army and overseas. I know that what he writes about that war is sound, and, as an historian of sorts, besides having been many other things, I think what he writes about the combatants and their reactions in the earlier wars is also sound. There can be no question as to the importance of the topic treated, and I do not know of any better introduction to it for the average, or even for any, reader, than that which Mr. Wecter has given us. Even in a thousand-word review one cannot analyze and criticize the entire contents of a six-hundred-page volume. I can only say that in my opinion this book is, on the whole, trustworthy factually, though I do not agree with all the *ober-dicta*, and that it is repaying reading for any serious-minded American who is looking to what may happen to us in the future.

FOR VICTORY
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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The Immemorial Way of Paris

FAIR FANTASTIC PARIS. By Harold Ettlinger. With drawings by Roger Duvoisin. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1944. 250 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

IN the very mail with the review copy of this little volume came a letter from France written by a member of the reviewer's family. The letter told of the liberation of Paris. The writer had entered the embattled capital with the French troops, witnessed the street fighting, and been on hand for the surrender of the German garrison. He characterized the Parisians' celebration of victory as the greatest drama of the century.

The letter might well serve as an epilogue to the book, an epilogue that, for all the glory of the liberation, has something of poignancy in it. For "Fair Fantastic Paris" closes tragically on France's entry into World War II and its young author died soon after writing the last chapter. It is a sort of pre-war "Vie de Bohême" of an American newspaperman.

Harold Ettlinger seems to have come to France in the early thirties, untouched, to all appearances, by the depression. Fresh from bustling, efficient Chicago, he soon saw the Parisian logic of "just sitting in the sun without a good reason." Inevitably, his place in the sun was a chair on a cafe terrace, say the terrace of the Deux Magots, the Sélècte, or the less publicized Trois Portes. And that was as it should be for a gay, romantic, and sensitive youth who was to love Paris with that nostalgic and mystic ardor which, since Villon's day, has fired the young of heart and the poetic of soul. With Frenchman and foreigner alike it is the immemorial way of Paris.

It was not all cafes for the carefree American. He came to know intimately the Paris that is less a city than a civilization. His two opening chapters are in effect bas relief maps, verbal masterpieces of physical and spiritual cartography. No mere tourist or professional Left Banker could have written either. As far as the reviewer is concerned, Harold Ettlinger proved himself a true Paris initiate by his mention of the obscure little Roman arena all but hidden on page 18 among such towering names as the Panthéon, Notre Dame, St. Geneviève, and the Boul' Miche.

Most of the book is given over to the days and dawns of the night-working reporter as he savored Rosalie's *boeuf buorguignon,* rescued bibulous compatriots from the paternalistic custody of the gendarmes, argued with artists on the terrace of the Deux Magots, and rambled with Martha Gray along the tiny Nonette. It was an idyllic existence in the ancient tradition of artist life in Paris. To be sure, if the author lived in a garret, it was not because he lacked the money to live on a more accessible floor. His working schedule gave him time to wander far and wide, to make friends with the wonderful little people of Paris—with the raucous-voiced *frites* vendor, the American-loving proprietor of the Excelsior, and the jeweler who passionately refused to double his business. And if he lays hackneyed over-emphasis on *filles de joie* and mistresses—well, a good many Parisians used to think that Chicagoans are gangsters and all Americans are rich.

As the chapters progress, the shadow of war lengthens over "Fair Fantastic Paris." The compassionate author is drawn to Suzy, a little Jewish refugee from Germany, for whom he challenges a delightful mother superior "to do a really Christian act." The Paris version of the sit-down strike grows apace and the Popular Front takes sinister hold of the doomed capital. From the Munich crisis it is only a step to the invasion of Poland. At the end of the last chapter Paris has only four more minutes of peace.

This is a frankly sentimental book, the only kind of book that does justice to the timeless spires and spirit of Paris. Victor Hugo wrote sentimentally of Notre Dame, Richard le Gallienne of the Luxembourg. And now that the City of Light has been restored to the Parisians and to the world that claims it as a second homeland, "Fair Fantastic Paris" is a timely book. Even readers who have never seen Sacré Coeur and the Champs Elysées will better understand why there had to be a Gare de Montparnasse for Compiègne.

Les Partisans

(Chant de la Libération)

is a song of French resistance recorded by the Office of War Information in London and New York after it was brought out of France by a resistance group before the liberation.

AMI, entends-tu
Le vol noir des corbeaux
Sur nos plaines?

Ami, entends-tu
Les cris sourds du pays
Qu'on enchaine?

Ohe Partisans
Ouvriers et Paysans
C'est l'alarme!

Ce soir l'ennemi
Connaitra le prix du sang
Et les larmes.

Montez de la mine
Descendez des collines
Camarades,

Sortez de la paille,
Les fusils, la mitraille,
Les grenades!

Ohe les tueurs
A la balle ou au couteau
Tuez vite!

Ohe saboteur
Attention a ton fardeau
Dynamite!

C'est nous qui brisons
Les barreaux des prisons
Pour nos frères!

La haine a nos trousses
Et la faim qui nous pousse
La misère . . .

Il y a des pays
Ou les gens au creux du lit
Font des rêves.

Ici, nous, vois-tu,
Nous on marche et nous on tue
Nous on crève.

Ici, chacun sait
Ce qu'il veut, ce qu'il fait
Quand il passe . . .

Ami, si tu tombes
Un ami sort de l'ombre
A ta place.

Demain, du sang noir
Sechera au grand soleil
Sur les routes.

Sifilez compagnons . . .
Dans la nuit la liberte
Nous écoute.

Ami, entends-tu
Le vol noir des corbeaux
Sur nos plaines?

Ami, entends-tu
Les cris sourds du pays
Qu'on enchaine?

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Strictly Personal...

MORE FOOTNOTES ON THE CINDERELLA STORY

FROM 1929 to 1939 the mood of America was one of disappointment. With the beginning of war in Europe, it became grievous disappointment. We are now facing the postwar era in a condition of abject predisappointment. Individuals who belong to minorities shake their heads about coming persecution or quasifascist fiat. Capitalists sadly point out that they can make in a couple of months more than America and America's export trade can absorb in a year. The defeat of Dewey will ruin the nervous constitution of some Republicans. The defeat of Roosevelt would do as much or worse for certain Democrats. Labor worries about the hostility of the returning armies; soldiers worry about getting jobs; the farmer is resigned to becoming a state charge. It is most disappointing and not the glorious America we were brought up to expect.

That detached wizard, the man from Mars, might be startled by the mood. He would wonder why we were weeping at the diminution of economic gravy from the "frontier"—when our object for generations has been the "conquest" of that frontier. He would wonder why an abundance of labor terrified us when we have been importing labor frantically for many decades. He would wonder why the ability to produce goods would emotionally defeat us when it had been our objective for a couple of centuries.

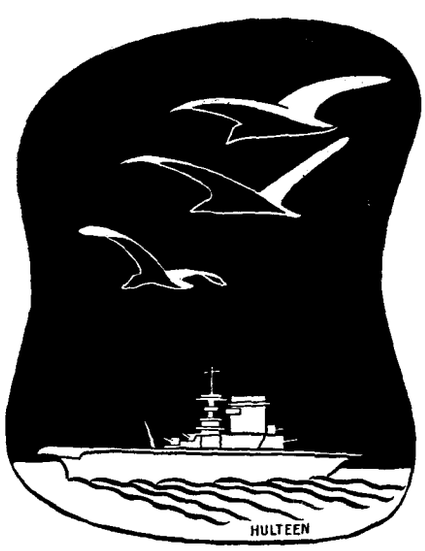
These people, he would reason, have attained their first goal; and any man of sense and imagination among them can write down enough future needs to set goals for centuries more of American work. Obviously, rules and attitudes would have to change a little for the pursuit of such new and larger objectives. Obviously, some of the sorts of gains to which they have been accustomed would not be accessible to them. For example, a man can no longer go into an empty territory and buy enough trees with a few dollars to make himself millions in lumber. There isn't much room left for the escapist and his ten-thousand-to-one gamble on getting rich quick in the Klondike or East Texas. But that's the *only* attitude which has become obsolete; riches, from now on, will depend on the coöperation of everybody. What's disappointing about this? Why are Americans so glum?

The wizard from Mars will find the reason only if he hunts for a psychological answer to the question. He will find that most Americans are not men but children. He will find that their emotional responses to their magnificently implemented present are unluckily founded upon a set of six-year-old myths and proverbs which had the appearance of truth only so long as raw resources were potentially available even to black sheep ducking disgrace in Dakota and hoboes walking in the wilderness.

For the literature of America is entirely a wishful literature insofar as all juvenile and most adult writing is concerned. Only a few narrowly-circulated books for grown-ups tell a different story. The teachings of the American school are parallel: any boy can be a millionaire; any boy can be President. And the principal theme of the movies and radio is the same: rags to riches.

Now, the Martian will observe that Americans are too sane to believe that everybody does get rich; plainly, most don't. But he will also note that when the *hope* of becoming rich by magic is lost to *a nation of infantile people whose subconscious philosophy is constellated around the maintenance of conditions which will support that hope,* then those people have lost their all—spiritually speaking. They have lost their dream. They have lost their direction. They have lost any concept of their purpose.

The dream was always an illusion and now it is over. The direction led to the present but no further. The purpose had been accomplished but none lay beyond. No use to tell the disillusioned that from here on we can perhaps get everybody out of rags. No use to tell them that by collaborating on a reality we can make everybody immeasurably better off excepting only a very few who are already fantastically (and uselessly) rich. The disappointed Americans have been robbed of their idea of Heaven. Heaven, to them, was the implicit possibility that anybody at all, by a stroke of luck and a little diligence, could get to be a millionaire. The variety of extant millionaires continually seemed to prove that belief: even gangsters sometimes made it. So the psychology of mid-twentieth century America is the psychology of the child who thinks something is delaying Santa Claus. It is the state of mind into which a Moslem would fall if somebody suddenly cast doubts on Paradise. Disappointment—bitter disappointment—followed by a vengeful and childish determination not to play.



That's where we are today.

Cinderella got us here and I am very much afraid that we are going to cling to Cinderella. We will modify her but we will not give her up. Because we do not know, and we do not want to know, that she is the mother of our debacles. She's all we have. Intelligent Americans are aware of the Cinderella-theme in our folklore. It is even consciously kidded, occasionally, in mass media. But it is always kidded on a materialistic plane—at the rags-to-riches level. Nobody stops to think what Cinderella has done to our psyches.

LET us briefly attempt to do so. The American toddler gets Cinderella straight—the story of the hearthsweep who, for merely performing her duty, hit the jack-pot. This becomes "economics" in the Hope Chest of the American business man. But Cinderella's reward was not in real kind: that is, she didn't get the opportunity to *try* to become a princess; she *became* one. Even the Prodigal Son was given only one banquet. Cinderella won everlasting banquets: she was, indeed, the most highly overpaid worker in the history of human industry. Therefore, when the American business man does not himself receive returns in kind, he feels he yet must maintain the *theoretical possibility for somebody to get nearly everything for next to nothing.* Otherwise his life-long intellectual position will have been invalid. Otherwise, he would see the unromantic truth that real gain always equals real investment of energy—mental, physical, or both. Seeing that, he would see through himself and his juvenile wishfulness.

His Hope Chest in the now-necessary adjustment of each depression cycle turns out to contain the same things that are in Pandora's Box. But how can he yield his boom (hence bust) philosophy? How can he say I want only a living wage? *Merely* a comfort-

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able, small home filled with gadgets, continuing education, opportunity for my kids, such economic security as may be provided in a still-barbaric world, leisure, money enough to travel a bit, a car, hobbies, an art to dabble in, books to read, television after the war, a chance of reasonable advancement in my job, good medical care, club and union membership, a vote, a garden, and all the individual liberty commensurate with some such frame as that. How can he promise to work hard and honestly for that, as long as he is able—agreeing that life and earth can offer no more, do offer no more, and should offer no more?

How can he, when Cinderella is his psyche, his soul? How can he, when his intellect and his emotions have been perpetually and exclusively oriented toward the national maintainance of the "possible jack-pot?" Everything he knows and feels, from the cradle onward, has convinced him that he must rigidly demand a society in which every man is born with a lottery ticket in the American millionaire sweepstakes. Such is deemed his birthright by bricklayer and bank president alike.

All the Horatio Alger books were Cinderella-guarantors. The Henty books, "Black Beauty," and "Bob Son of Battle" are horse and dog Cinderellas. The Rover Boys are Cinderellas in knickers. Tom Swift shows what presumably can be done with manual training and Cinderella-world-outlook. Mark Twain wrote a Cinderella classic. Examine Dickens. His "realism" always ended with the rainbow, at the foot of which lies the pot of gold. The "mature" American, however, seldom bothers with Dickens. He turns to the ten-million dog-eared copies of Zane Grey, inventor of the western Cinderella. And when he becomes an executive in a monkey-wrench factory he does not try to make fine tools for his fellowmen—he tries to find his own private way, somehow, into the mythical kingdom of Oz. All this reading has meanwhile grounded him for the magazines, the movies, and the radio—universal, adult Cinderellaism at the full diapason.

And incidentally the intellectual background for World War III.

When I was little, the Cinderella story worried me. Not because she won a palace and a prince (like everybody, I believed no reward was too great for young American me) but because she wore glass slippers. These, I thought, would cut her feet to ribbons if she really made a determined step. It was, of course, criticism of the unspoiled mind to perceive she was shod for going nowhere. Maybe, indeed, the man who invented the myth made that slip unconsciously, because its psychological soundness is beyond question: a glass shoe is equivalent to an Achilles' heel. Moreover (as I realized later on) people who live in glass slippers exhibit their feet of clay. But a Cinderella-trained race will hardly discover these fatal flaws in their goddess.

Rather, the post-war Cinderella will be brought "up-to-date"—her trappings left intact. The new Elsie Dinsmore made scientific, her gross immorality will live in a house with florescent walls. Freckles will patrol the Limberlost by helicopter. Pollyanna, before her troth is plighted, will weep and smile her way through the ordeal of a blood test. And hard on the heels of a Cinderella with slippers of colored, shatter-proof glass, as always, the Four Horsemen will ride to the Hounds of Hell.

PHILIP WYLIE.

Heroes and the Heroic Cult

A CENTURY OF HERO-WORSHIP. By Eric Russell Bentley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1944. 288 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

A YOUNG man has arrived. The reviewer shamelessly admits that he has been astonished, excited, charmed, and occasionally puzzled by this brilliant book. He further confesses that the rather lacklustre title had led him to expect the sifted tailings of some academic mine. Certainly he was not prepared for thought like electricity in motion and wholly different from the static glow of St. Elmo's fire. Nor did he anticipate analysis and interpretation at once intelligently impartial and generously sympathetic.

Mr. Bentley has investigated with extreme thoroughness (his lightly worn learning is part of his book's genuine charm) the dangerous aspects of what looks like a safe idea. No brief abstract of his thought will serve because it is too close woven. But a crude and insufficient summary may give a faint notion of what the reviewer has read twice with admiration and pleasure: when, as a result of eighteenth-century skepticism, the men of the early nineteenth began to lose their much battered hereditary faith, it was not unnatural that the bereft should seek to fill the painful vacuum with something they could get their teeth into. Carlyle filled it for them with a vengeance. His answer was the affirmation of life, collaboration with the process of history, and the cult of the principal collaborators, otherwise hero-worship. The first postulate of the cult is that there are two kinds of men, heroes and the other kind. Nor do we have to go far to discover that postulate actively at work in a number of contemporary philosophies. The variations on the theme are numerous and the orchestrations which are incredibly diverse are studied (with remarkable penetration) in the careers of Carlyle, Nietzsche, Wagner, Shaw, Spengler, Stefan George, and D. H. Lawrence, each of them in his way dyed in the wool, or at least tinctured, with what Mr. Bentley calls Heroic Vitalism—that is, the affirmation of life and the heroic cult. The upshot of the investigation is that Heroic Vitalism is no place for a liberal, because it leads automatically to vapid estheticism or to fascism pure and simple.

Naturally, thinking as he does, Mr. Bentley is at pains to disclaim any intention of manufacturing a program in which his victims might concur, but he demonstrates brilliantly that every man Jack of them is wholly or in part an heroic vitalist and that the wages of the heresy are failure. The essays on Carlyle and Nietzsche are the nub of the book. And never were the agonies in which men's minds involve them treated more competently, or it may be added with a greater quantum of that sympathy which is owed to honest men with whom we do not agree. Before you get through you almost understand Carlyle's attempt at the deification of Frederick the Great, the hardest brute to deify on record. And the remarkable exposition of the dual nature of Nietzsche's piercing but mutually exclusive intuitions will give you something to think of even in wartime winter evenings. Heroic vitalists normally have a pretty bad time of it even in their "sunny" moments.

The worst thing that the reviewer can think up to say about an entertaining and powerful book is that occasionally a passage reminds one of a doctorate thesis, which in point of fact the book originally was. Here and there, but only rarely, there is a lapse into the wooden mannerism of dissertations prepared in partial fulfilment of the requirements of some faculty somewhere. But if all academic papers showed such "bright gleams of parts" no one would throw rocks at graduate schools. When a man of twenty-seven can do such a masterly job, so full of good learning, good taste, good sense, and real originality, it is safe to say that we are going to hear more from him. For one, the reviewer will be charmed to be in the audience.

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A Smooth Literary Texture

THE LEANING TOWER AND OTHER STORIES by Katherine Anne Porter. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1944. 246 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

OUT of her work since 1934 Katherine Anne Porter has put together this slim volume of narratives and sketches in shorter form. The first seven concern one or another phase of the development of a Southern family, vaguely domiciled in Kentucky or Texas, and ruled, as is becoming customary in familial studies, by a grandmother who is much the best of the lot. The eighth is a tale of Irish life in New York, and the ninth and last, which gives the volume its title, is a study in the spiritual and economic decay of pre-Hitler life in Berlin. So far as any American can make clear the baffling obscurities of the German "soul," Miss Porter has done so in this sketch of student life in a Berlin *pension.*

The exquisite rightness of this author's art has been commented upon by many; and these sketches and tales reveal to that vague tribe, the discriminating reader, what fundamental brainwork goes into the creating of episodes that, on the surface, seem hastily thrown together. To be sure, this deftness is bought at a price; and the careful casualness of Miss Porter's approach sometimes reminds one of a cat stalking its prey with unnecessary caution. If some of these narratives were told in the straightforward narrative manner formerly characteristic of the short story, they might not lose in delicacy and might gain in dramatic power. But this is heterodox doctrine in an age which abhors the tightly built short story.

Perhaps nothing in American literary history is more amazing than the way the wheel has come full circle in this department of writing. When, after the Civil War, the monthly magazine began to be the most profitable vehicle for fictionists, the old-fashioned tale become outmoded, and with the rise of the local colorists, oddly enough, the short-story-with-a-plot came to supplant the sketch. At the opening of this century the short story was felt to be the American contribution *par excellence* to world literature, and writers as various as Sherwin Cody and Brander Matthews sought out its laws and defined its prerogatives. The climax of the tightly wrought tale was perhaps O. Henry, beyond whom neatness of plot could scarcely go; and as new influences came in, the short-story-with-a-plot seemed old-fashioned and the slice-of-life theory reigned in its stead. Now the slice-of-life theory also seems too simple, and in such a performance as "The Leaning Tower" we are really back with Washington Irving, just as, in the first seven of these narratives, we are in some sense back with John Pendleton Kennedy, learning about life at Swallow Barn.

Of course, it will be objected that we are not really back there, because Miss Porter's tales are more "sophisticated." But Washington Irving was sophisticated too; the smooth texture of his style was supposed to be the latest word in cosmopolitan ease, and the "Tales of a Traveler" was supposed to illuminate British life just as "The Leaning Tower" illuminates German life. Perhaps the vogue of Damon Runyon may mean that the short-story-with-a-plot may again return to favor in other places than the pulps.

All this has perhaps little to do with the volume under review. No change of fashion can antiquate the finesse of Miss Porter's pen, whose quiet manner and deceptively simple texture have something of the ease of Jane Austen. But it is at least an interesting query whether younger writers can afford to imitate her. Possibly another revolution in the approach to the short story and its artistic problems is not very far away.

—*George Platt Lynes*
Katherine Anne Porter

Sixty-Year Family Chronicle

A BASHFUL WOMAN. By Kenneth Horan. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 299 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

ALTHOUGH this novel is dedicated to the General Motors Company and its writing was preceded by voluminous research in the history of the American automobile, its interest lies entirely in the confused family relationships of the Vinnedges and Carstairs, and their extraordinary and ordinary adventures. For the purposes of the novel they might just as well manufacture widgets. Mrs. Horan writes with authority and affection about her native southern Michigan, its lovely Irish Hills and nondescript towns, and ugly industrial areas where most of the world's automobiles are manufactured. "A Bashful Woman" is of the conventional family-chronicle model, but instead of spreading the story expansively and prodigally over a number of volumes, the author chooses to cover the sixty years in one short book, which seems even shorter because of economies in wartime bookmaking.

The work both gains and loses by such compression and brevity. Most family chronicles are unconscionably and unpardonably long drawn out, with their dull people and their insignificant adventures. "A Bashful Woman" fairly sprints along, begetting, like "Our Town," a disquieting, haunting sense of the quick and inexorable passing of the years, and thrusting into sharp outline the rhythm and repetitive patterns of life. The novel suffers, however, because there is no time to turn any of its numerous persons into characters. They struggle, succeed, are stricken by disaster, recover; another generation follows the same formula—but we view them largely from the outside, as their fellow-townsmen do. They acquire traits of personality but for the most part behave obediently according to the novelist's whim and plan.

The novel is very unevenly written. Although it is quite readable and we view with considerable interest, if no real concern, the adventures of these rich folk who have only a slight talent for wealth, some readers will deplore its sentimental lapses, its frequent bookish talk, its occasional trite phrasing (there is, for example, too much "sighing with relief"), its worshipful attitude toward General Motors and Big Business in general.

The title is somewhat puzzling. As an immigrant Welsh girl in a small Michigan town Sally was fearful and painfully conscious of her unfamiliar speech and dress; throughout most of the book, however, she is a successful, aggressive woman of affairs, and just about as bashful as Hetty Green or Margaret Webster.

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RECONVERSION IN ENGLISH

THE new word in 1944 is "reconversion," and when a new word, even if it is only an old word given new significance, becomes current, there is always a new hope or headache behind it. But "reconversion" is broader in its implications than the meanings given to it in the new bills which have been engaging the Congress. Not only steel mills but the writing of fiction, drama, and poetry and the teaching of literature are likely to be reconverted before we pass out of the shadow of this war.

The teaching of English in schools and colleges and the graduate schools of universities has not escaped the criticism directed against the humanities which many feel should have taught the youth of the nation the art of living, instead of which they have had to learn how to kill and to die. Such hopes are not founded on realistic history, and yet even the most realistic thinker will not say that literature contains no antidote for the spiritual and mental degeneracies and confusions which lead to war, and no prophecies of the results of bad thinking and bad feeling; or that out of the great reservoir of our literary tradition we have given youth all that they could take. Literature in English has been devotedly taught, but more, much more, is going to be required of it, unless the technologies and a generation more interested in the tools than in the house of life which we were supposed to be building, is the next step in so-called progress.

It is too early to do more than generalize, but some ideas may be set down if only for discussion. Men and women, now exiles here, report that in Germany and Austria, a flood of books, published just after the last war, attacked every preconception of the past, described recent history as one long folly, urged youth to start fresh in its thinking, becoming skeptical of all accepted truth, and conscious only of its own needs and its own hopes. This sounded like the preliminaries of a new renaissance, but actually, the young people who were educated in the spirit of these books were the first, and became the most fanatical, victims of Nazism. In the moral confusion of what they were told was to be a brave new world, they developed will at the expense of judgment. They were blind to the hideous implications of the new world order which they were told to create, because, having lost confidence in the tradition of Western culture, their imaginations accepted any evil, any cruelty, any offense against the dignity of man, as legitimate means to an end, which was the kind of state which religion, literature, and history for two thousand years had been opposing as hateful to man, and as unstable as the most idealistic Utopias. The political censorship upon all factual accounts of the causes and results of the First World War, which was described in these columns last week, kept them from checking their own passionate conclusions by the actual experience of the immediate past.

Something of the same kind happened to our own youth in the ominous 1920's and 1930's. Then books which were excellent in art, but as has been justly said, philosophically irresponsible, left the intellectuals of the generation which is fighting this war uncertain of all values that had been called American, and sure only that their fathers had been either wrong or foolish or both, and that there was no health in the guidance of past American experience. This has been disproved. It was not too late for them to learn the hard way that there is always truth as well as error in the records of tradition, and usually more truth than error. It is too late for the vast majority of the *Jugend* of greater Germany and Japan.

To drop from great issues to what seem to be small, but are not, the lesson for teachers of English in the reconversion of education in the years after the war might begin with a very simple statement. We have not failed in the teaching of the beauty of literature, nor in its factual history and inter-relationships, nor in studies of its technique. We have very definitely failed in the effective teaching of literature as the best record of the tradition of man's imagination—the tradition of its failures, its diseases, its defeats, its false values, as well as of its true values, its idealisms, the long-time endurance in it of the qualities of human nature that after all have been struggling up after every down through recorded history. And with this purpose might very well go a reconsideration of the art of literature as the means by which tradition is made communicable. For literature, like the fine arts of painting, sculpture, and music, is a language which can be self-acquired by the sensitive and highly intelligent, but by most of us must be learned, like a foreign language, which yields only to study of the means of understanding.

It would seem that for a while at least all other more utilitarian (though not more useful) purposes of the teaching of English, such as better expression, a greater urbanity, or the invaluable sources of pleasure in intelligent reading, should be subordinated, or coördinated, or what you will. Literature is our orange which we have let the young toss away half squeezed.

H. S. C.

New Forest Funeral After a Shower

By Bridget Dryden

THE trees had a look of hoarding a weight of sorrow;
the trees had a look of waiting for sunrise tomorrow;
but they shivered downward on the hedgecutters
now that the rain had ceased,
still with a secret foreboding, saying Be sorry, at least,

for the long rough lane that the dead man goes,
for the liquid hoofprints, the dripping hedges,
and the empty barn when the thing had departed,
for the women's black bonnets and handkerchief edges.

The sunset came clear in a ribbon of red that was more symbolic than scabbard
empty of sword.
The solemn horses with nodding ears
paced slow by the village sward
till they took the home road; then they trotted and shook
their trappings and plumes of sable.
There'd be a horse-trough by Rufus' Cross
and a box of oats in the stable.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Struthers Burt's Book

SIR: "Is There A Publisher in the House?" by Struthers Burt in the Sept. 9 issue of your magazine enlists my support of the subject therein discussed—a book of cartoons on German barbarism through the ages by a famous Polish cartoonist, with captions and running comment by Mr. Burt, turned down because it was too bitter, too grim for Americans.

As a member of an Army prisoner of war guard company I have for long closely observed the German against whom we are fighting today. In the main, whether he is a man from the fields, a white collar worker, a stripling from the Nazi youth movement, a hoodlum from the cities, or a hard-bitten professional army man, there is an inherent air of the grim feudal age about him.

I have walked behind these men with a gun; I have guarded them while out on work projects; I have heard them talk among themselves; I have observed their unguarded reactions to things American. And believe me, sir, they waste no kindness. That is the feeling war engenders, naturally, but, too, it is the ironic feeling of an ages-old belligerency. Many of these men have fought all over Europe in the cruel triumph of the German days of victory and now in the sombre hours of their losing resistance. But are they through? No. They expect to go back and take up where they left off. That is their belief.

Someone has to see the bitterness; someone has to see the grimness—for the present times and those that will come after. If distance will eventually lend charm to these despoilers, then some means should be taken to bring Americans to the true realization of things as they are and can be again.

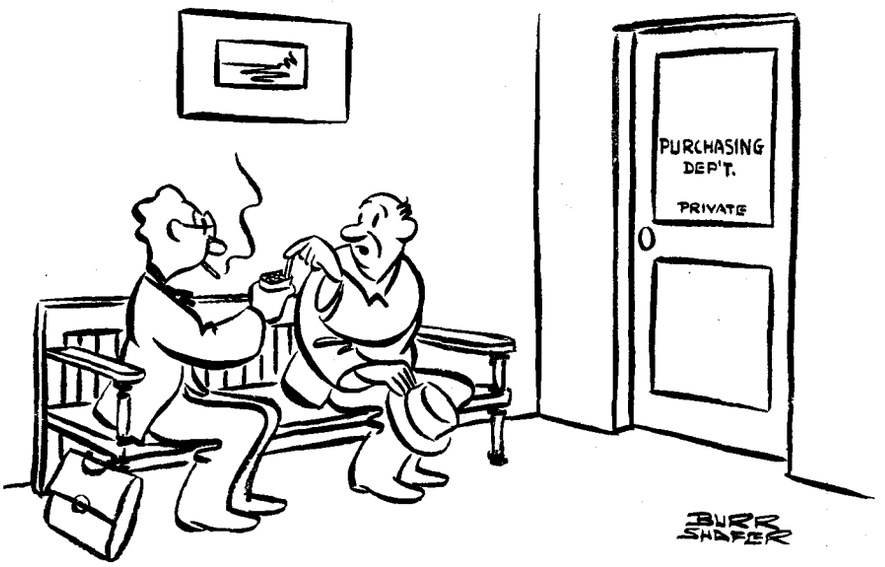
These are the men who have been gullible enough to accept false leadership. Pity should never be their salvation in this turmoil as it was in the last, they are too brutal about what they believe.

I am sure that if the heads of these nine great American publishing houses Mr. Burt speaks about were to visit any prisoner of war camp they would come away impressed with the kindness and extreme courtesy accorded them by its inmates; but would these nine men realize that these Germans are generous to a fault with kindness and killing with courtesy—as a means of gaining their own ends?

If not, then they are in need of a lesson in bitterness and grimness. They have not seen what I have seen; they have not seen what many a fighting man has seen.

It is so easy to be lulled into complacency.

PVT. GRAYDON E. SPALDING.
U. S. Army.



"I suppose the main office would call this fraternizing with the enemy."

Edman vs. Thompson

SIR: As translator of the Croce pamphlet which occasioned the exchange between Miss Dorothy Thompson and Mr. Irwin Edman I probably have no right to speak in this matter. As a reader of *The Saturday Review*, however, I am struck by the great contrast in mood between the political journalist and the professional philosopher. Miss Thompson's temperate and reasonable appreciation of Croce has called forth from Mr. Edman an astonishing farrago of hacking, clawing, squeaking vulgarity. A visitor from Mars—or even from another country—would find it difficult to believe that, of these two writers, Mr. Edman is the one who professionally speaks for philosophy, for the love of wisdom. He has proved but one thing clearly, that one may profess philosophy without inhabiting its climate.

VINCENT SHEEAN.
New York, N. Y.

Mr. Edman to Mr. Sheean

SIR: They must have strange notions of philosophy on Mars if a visitor from that planet could regard Dorothy Thompson's outburst in this journal as "reasonable and temperate." Her scholarly little title was "A Still Small Voice Is Answered by a Loud Mediocrity." Then followed the succession of irrelevancies, historical falsities, and non-sequiturs to which I called attention point by point in my reply.

It is no doubt chivalry to a lady in distress that prompts Mr. Sheean to come to Miss Thompson's defense. But there is conceivably another motive: in my little review which occasioned all this controversy I called attention to some unfortunate qualities of Mr. Sheean's Introduction to the Croce book I was reviewing. I noted the poor quality of the English translation Mr. Sheean had made. I noted, also, that Mr. Sheean's sole contribution to an understanding of Croce's thought was his reprinting in his Introduction of a portion of the article on Croce in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Doubtless a true philosopher would have been more appreciative of Mr. Sheean's style, scholarship, and mind.

IRWIN EDMAN.
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A further exchange between Dorothy Thompson and Irwin Edman will appear in the October 14 issue of* SRL.

Are Trees Incurable?

SIR:

I wonder if it mightn't be
That Struthers' hatred of the tree
Stems from that Brooklyn species made
To cast all others in the shade,
While Mrs. M. so sadly grieves,
Deep buried 'neath its countless leaves,
"To think that I should ever see
A book as sellful as the Tree."

* * *

Check it in Webster and you'll see
That Tree is book and book is tree.
Alas, poor Jan, she cannot brook
The Brooklyn Tree that is THE Book.

WALTER E. THWING.
New York, N. Y.

SIR:

THOUGHTS WHILE CUTTING TALL POPLARS ON A VERMONT HILLSIDE, NOW RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO J. S.

A tree,
Which only God can make,
Can spoil a view—
Which God made, too.

K. S.
New York.

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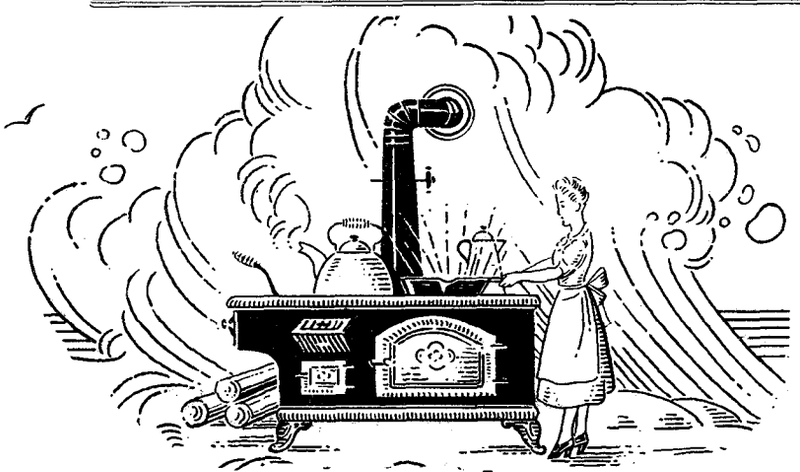

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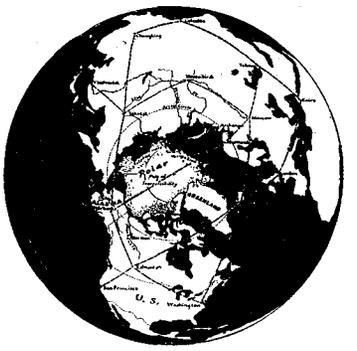

Edited by Hans W. Weigert and Vilhjalmur Stefansson

Maps by Richard E. Harrison

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By George Bellairs

Dr. Wall is found in his consulting room, quite unmistakably murdered. The author of *Death Stops the Frolic* knows what to do about this, and does it — with humor, suspense, and very slick sleuthing. $2.00

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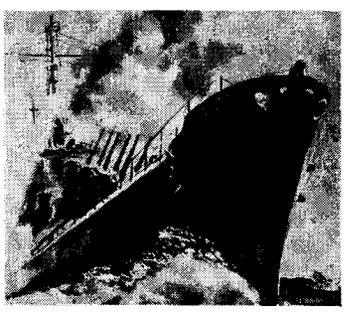

PACIFIC BATTLE LINE

By Foster Hailey

The New York Times war correspondent in the Pacific here describes the first two desperate years in that area. "*Pacific Battle Line* is contemporary history told authentically . . . the best account of one of the most difficult corners that United States forces have ever turned."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune* $3.50

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By Lloyd Goodrich

An extraordinary character study of one of America's greatest artists. This definitive and beautiful book, produced under the auspices of the Whitney Museum of American Art, contains new contemporary source material, and ninety-five illustrations covering the full range of Homer's work in all periods and media. $7.50

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TRADE Winds

MIND-READING ACTS have always struck me as a lot of apple-sauce, and nothing that I observed while officiating as a guest judge on Dunninger's radio program has led me to change my mind. Dunninger has climbed to the top of his profession, which is quite understandable. He is a smooth and experienced showman, quick as a flash, a marvelously dexterous prestidigitator, and his line of patter is often very amusing. His weekly radio program is popular all over the country. His new book, "What's On Your Mind," sold 100,000 copies in less than a month. But as to that "master mentalist" and "thought reading" stuff, you certainly can't prove it by me.

Many of my friends heatedly maintain that they have participated in actual cases of mind reading, although some of them call it by fancier names, like E.S.P. and mental telepathy. It's never happened to me. The other three judges and I concentrated for an hour on trying to make Dunninger read one single thought in any of our minds but when the program ended he was still telling people in the audience the numbers on their automobile licenses and the addresses of their cousins. In the last few minutes my thoughts reached a point where I half expected the great man to come over and poke me in the jaw. He's big enough to do it. But everything ended on a tranquil note, and I wandered off knowing—and believing—as little about mind reading as I did before I came.

I have never understood why an honest-to-goodness mind reader didn't go down to Wall Street, put the bee on a couple of tycoons and professional market riggers, and make enough in a month to retire for life. I can't believe they bang around the country going through all their elaborate hokus-pokus because they like it. . . .

DUNNINGER, who can do just about anything with a pack of cards but make them read the *Congressional Record,* told us about one happy encounter he had with a couple of notorious swindlers on a Fall River night-boat. The boys took him for an easy mark, and lured him and a New Bedford merchant into a little game of poker. Dunninger ended up with a profit of over eight hundred dollars. A hundred and thirty of it came from the innocent victim. "I really didn't mind losing to such interesting gentlemen," said the latter the next morning. "Interesting is the word," said the "Master Mentalist." "You were playing with two of the biggest crooks in the East—and *my* name is Dunninger." The man got back his stake plus ten percent of the winnings, and probably is still telling the story in New Bedford. . . .

IT WAS JUST a stone's throw from Dunninger at Radio City to the Harvest Moon Ball at Madison Square Garden, and the completion of a typical evening of research work for a conscientious publisher. The Harvest Moon Ball is one of the most fantastically successful newspaper promotions in the history of journalism. Every summer the *Daily News* stages a series of elimination contests to determine the best amateur dancers of the fox-trot, waltz, rhumba, and jitterbug in the various sections of metropolitan New York. The finalists then dance it off at the Garden, while twenty-two thousand rabidly partisan fans pack the arena, and additional thousands mill around the streets trying to squeeze in. Ed Sullivan, the Broadway columnist, M.C.s the show, introduces guest acts and celebrities, and hustles the prize winners off to a week's engagement at Loew's State Theatre, where everybody cashes in handsomely.

Last year the big winner turned out to be AWOL from the Navy, and a few hours after his picture appeared on the front page he was meditating on the caprices of fame in a nearby brig. This year's show produced nothing as dramatic as that, but the crowd roared with delight when the blossoming Shirley Temple did an old dance routine with her erstwhile mentor, Bill "Bojangles" Robinson. It roared even louder when that wonderful little man, Irving Berlin, climbed onto the platform and warbled the song he had composed in Italy, "There Are No Wings on a Foxhole."

If you heard Berlin sing his "How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning" either in "Yip Yip Yaphank," or twenty-five years later in "This Is the Army," you know that he's not exactly a Sinatra or "der Bingle." Just after he had rendered the song for the film version of "This Is the Army," he overheard an electrician exclaim, "If the guy who wrote that song hoid this boid singing it, I bet he toined over in his grave." . . .

FOR WEEKS the entire literary world has been aflame with rumors that Marshall Field is planning to enter the book-publishing business in a very substantial way. The announcement that Freeman Lewis has resigned from Doubleday to become Field's consultant lends substance to these rumors. Lewis is one of the ablest and most dynamic figures in the expanding reprint market. No contract has been signed as yet but an announcement is expected any day. . . .

THE FIRST DRAMATIC HIT of the new theatrical season is "Anna Lucasta," by Philip Yordan, who has quite a reputation as a writer in Hollywood. The play is laid in Harlem and is acted by an all-Negro cast. When it first went the rounds of managers' offices, however, it concerned a Polish-American family, which explains the title. Rose Franken, author of "Claudia," made a similar drastic switch when her first play, "Another Language," failed to impress as a Bronx dialect comedy in the Kober vein. The accents were eliminated, the locale switched, and the play turned into a solid success. . . . Every other week, the Book-of-the-Month Club has been sponsoring dances and entertainments for service men, with employees of the Club acting as hostesses. The parties are directed by the Defense Recreation Committee of New York, and have been a huge success from the start. Suddenly the chairman noticed that the man who supervised the food and drinks, representing the hotel where the parties are held, was zealously suggesting means of cutting down expenses. "This is nice of you, I'm sure," he was told, "but why this sudden interest in the size of the check?" "I just joined the Book-of-the-Month Club," the man explained candidly, "and I figure that the less it spends, the better those dividend books will be." . . .

MGM has completed the film version of Sally Benson's "Meet Me in Saint Louis." I asked a studio executive if it was a faithful adaptation. "Faithful?" he echoed. "Wait till you hear Judy Garland sing 'Clang, Clang,

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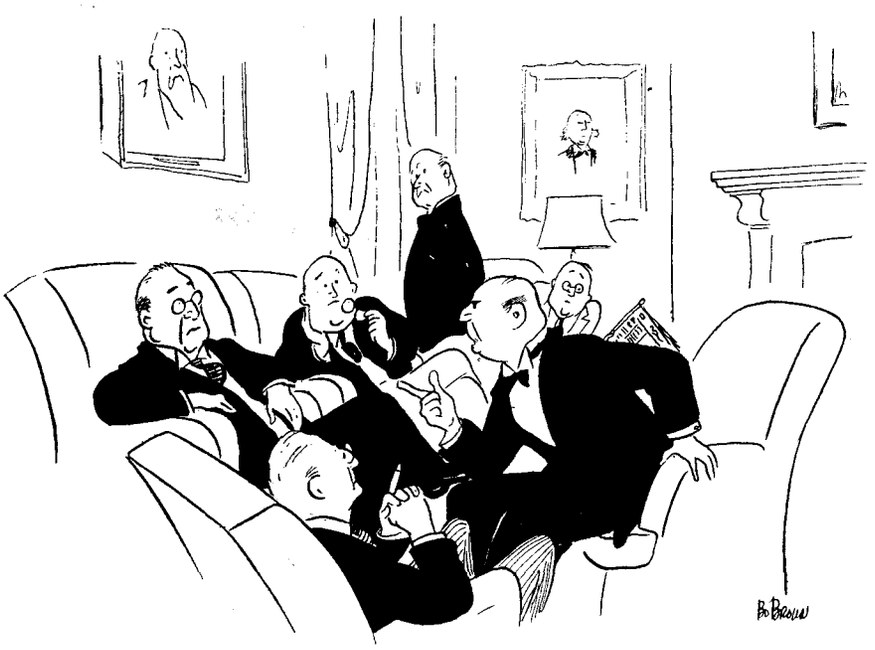

"For my money, Polk was the best President we ever had."

Clang, Went the Trolley!' " . . . Jobber Topics points out that a new football season is upon us—the only time of year when you can walk down the street with a blonde on one arm and a blanket on the other without encountering raised eyebrows. . . . Dale Warren reports that David Cohn's forthcoming saga of the automobile age is a honey, but was slightly miffed when Cohn rejected his proffered title, "They Were Combustible." . . . The artistry of Katherine Anne Porter's new book of short stories, "The Leaning Tower," shows up some of the over-touted Johnny-come-latelys in their true colors. . . . Elizabeth Bergner told a *Tribune* reporter, "There's a lake right in front of the house I've taken, and I'll sleep all I want. I'll have nice neighbors near, but not too near. Dorothy Thompson is one of them." *The New Yorker* gobbled up the item for its "Words of One Syllable Department." . . .

AN INTREPID MAJOR named Donald Klopfer stumbled over a copy of Douglas Woodruff's "Talking at Random" in a Charing Cross bookshop. In it he found the following paragraph: "I am told that in Nyassaland young Africans pick themselves European names and are very fond of publishers' catalogues as a source. One announced that his name was Harrap, and another that his was Stanley Unwin. The third, however, evidently looked upon as a leader by his fellows, declared proudly that *his* name was Oxford University Press!" . . . Donald Wallaby Geddes, unpredictable impresario at Pocket Books, has been brooding about the matter of illustrations in contemporary works of fiction. He points out that when novels run serially in popular magazines, they are highly illustrated. Why aren't some of those illustrations used in book form? In the motion-picture reprints, to be sure, the same books appear with pictures again. The classics, too, are forever reappearing with illustrations. The Illustrated Modern Library is a case in point. If illustrations enhance the best writing, why shouldn't they help even the worst? Years ago, concludes the moody Geddes, most novels had at least a frontispiece. Where did that frontispiece go, and why? Somebody had better help Geddes out on this, or there won't be any new Pocket Books next month! . . .

FRANZ WERFEL insisted upon calling his play "Jacobowsky and the Colonel" although both his producer and his publisher pointed out that many Americans would stumble over the pronunciation of "Jacobowsky." Last week, however, a patron turned up at the box-office and said, "Please, mister, I want two tickets for 'Jacobowsky and' —what's that last word again?"

BENNETT CERF.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Rachel Field. 2. Wm. Shakespeare. 3. Betty Smith. 4. Elizabeth Hawes. 5. Robert Benchley. 6. Richard Llewellyn. 7. M. F. K. Fisher. 8. Josephine Lawrence. 9. Ludwig Bemelmans. 10. Ogden Nash. 11. Ilka Chase. 12. Hans Fallada. 13. H. Allen Smith. 14. Luigi Pirandello. 15. Lucius Beebe. 16. James Cain. 17. James Branch Cabell. 18. Margaret Steen. 19. Corey Ford. 20. Col. Stoopnagle.

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They Thought They Had a Corpse

THE GRAVEDIGGERS OF FRANCE. By Pertinax. New York: Doubleday Doran & Co. 1944. 612 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by JOHN S. BADEAU

IT is too early to expect a definitive history tracing and evaluating the events that were responsible for the French disaster of 1940. Not until the records of the Allied High Command are opened can we know the full story of the military debacle and only in the light of France's effort in reconstructing her life after liberation will it be possible to judge how deeply the decay of the pre-war years ate into the soul of the nation.

Yet no future history will record or appraise the bewildering catastrophe of France without leaning heavily on the amazing account given by Pertinax in his "Gravediggers of France." Here is a work so broad in its scope, so penetrating in its analysis, and, above all, so authoritative in its authorship that no one is qualified to express a serious opinion on the collapse of France who has not read and digested it thoroughly.

Pertinax himself calls his work "a provisional synthesis." Here a long series of events is welded to the strong convictions of a great patriot and the observations of a highly trained political commentator. For thirty years Pertinax has been among the most balanced, informed, and penetrating recorders of French affairs, and what he writes now is the precipitation of that experience around the central tragedy of our day. If the result is not quite objective history, it is something equally valuable—the witness of a man who sees the moral issues in political life and never hesitates to label clearly what he sees.

In method the book is also a synthesis. It returns again and again to the same events, presenting them from the changing facets of the personalities involved. Believing that men make history, Pertinax has built his work around the four major figures most responsible for, and symbolizing most fully, the forces that destroyed France. Around these—Gamelin, Daladier, Reynaud, and Pétain—are grouped the lesser men with all their petty but deadly intrigue. The author's hope that by this device "our mishaps have been grasped at focal points" is abundantly fulfilled; like the figures in Bunyan's allegories, these men cast into sharp relief the ignorance, perverted leadership, and political self-seeking that combined to write France's capitulation to Hitler.

Readers will find a fascinating gallery of portraits—all drawn with a merciless pencil. If there are any illusions left about Pétain, they will disappear in the light of Pertinax's accusing delineation. What more damning indictment could be made than that "even Laval would never have emerged had it not been for the Marshal's collusion and senility."

What is of supreme importance, however, to get from this book, is a clearer understanding of the factors that led to the French collapse. Popularly, we have said that "France fell," using both the tone and implication with which we speak of a "fallen" woman. Moral decay and political loose living so weakened the fibre of the nation that when the whirlwind came there was no living heart of oak to stand firm against the storm. To this moralistic interpretation, a few voices have cried protest. D. W. Brogan insists that France "did not fall" at all. She was defeated on the battlefield. "The defeat of France," he wrote, in *The Virginia Quarterly Review,* "was, given the nature of modern war, a certainty—a certainty concealed from us because we did not understand the nature of modern war." To know where the truth lies between these explanations is of urgent importance if we are not only to write accurate history but also to take to ourselves the lessons it teaches.

What does Pertinax say happened to France? Foremost, was the fact of military defeat, based upon insufficient preparation and outmoded methods of warfare. The nemesis of France's military might was the emergence of a new strategy of war, a strategy in which "much more men and materiel were needed for resistance than for attack." That France should have adopted defensive tactics is not surprising; did not Verdun demonstrate what a firmly entrenched army could do? Gamelin was an able general, but France had envisioned the prospect of military invasion for so long that he felt "he had foreseen everything, calculated everything, fitted all the pieces together, and that there was nothing left for him to do.

> Behind the failure to grasp the new strategy lay France's inability to prepare herself to meet invasion when it did occur. Here one of the inherent weaknesses of a democracy appears; it will simply not believe that war is imminent until the storm is broken and it cannot be regimented into total mobilization until disaster presents no alternative. Facing the series of dismal failures to provide adequate equipment, Pertinax sums up by saying "in the quantity and quality of our machines, in spare parts, in accessories and even in the training of our pilots, our failure was dismal."

—*Newspictures*

Pertinax

But that dismal failure was only possible because of the men who led—or misled—France, the "gravediggers." Here ignorance, incapacity for action, and blindness to the facts of European politics played their role. Daladier saw well enough what was needed but was too small a man to carry out the task. "His shoulders," writes Pertinax, "were not strong enough to bear the burden. Only a man of gigantic power of intellect and capacity for action could have carried the lead, and Daladier was of meaner statute." Reynaud had once had the penetration to make sound judgments and choose able lieutenants, but he had become a victim to his own intellectual acumen, the "reasoner who overdoes it," making up his mind too easily on the spur of the occasion. When there was added to this weakness the pernicious and wheedling influence of his mistress, he became a leader hopelessly unprepared for the heroic role to which he was called.

It was men such as this that paved merely ignorant, they were vicious, ready to sacrifice their Allies and the democratic pattern of France for the sake of maintaining themselves and their class in power.

What then is the answer to France's disaster? No simple formula will suffice, least of all that of the moralistic "fall" of France. Yet, out of the tangled narrative that Pertinax has told with such skill, this reviewer finds three warnings. An intelligent foreign policy backed by adequate armed force is the first line of democracy's defense; there is no substitute for ability and intelligence in national character is still the foundation of all human affairs.

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Bottsian Bouts

BOTTS IN WAR, BOTTS IN PEACE. By William Hazlitt Upson. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1944. 327 *pp.* $2.

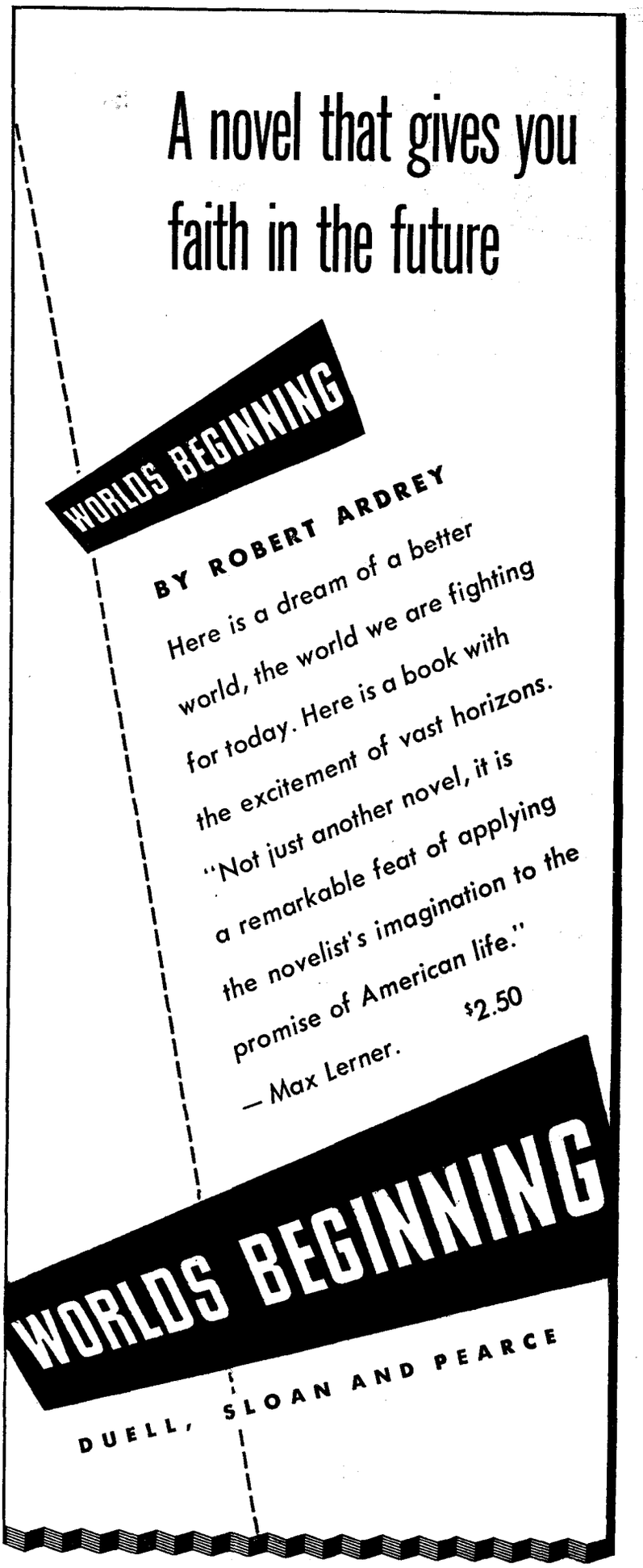
Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

"AS I have often pointed out in the past, I am not a believer in the foolish military system of literal obedience," wrote Alexander Botts in 1940, "but rather in that higher type of discipline wherein a subordinate obeys, not the order which has actually been given by a superior, but rather the order which that superior would have given if he had known what he was talking about." Remembering this it is fairly safe to credit any occasional spurts of chaos among our armed forces these days to one Captain Botts, who is supposed to be assigned to the Army but is apt to turn up with the Navy, the Alaskan highway construction corps, or on an uncharted island in the Southwest Pacific, peddling cuckoo clocks to the natives.

This latest collection of Bottsian bouts with fate contains the adventures of Alexander as they have been related since 1933 in occasional issues of *The Saturday Evening Post,* a magazine published in Philadelphia and widely distributed. In 1933 the depression was comfortably settled throughout the country and Botts was selling the products of the Earthworm Tractor Company for barter. One year later the depression, according to Botts himself, was over, and Gilbert Henderson, sales manager, had to be elected president of the company, so he would go to Washington and wrestle with the New Deal. Botts was made sales manager.

Botts and Henderson are gently satirical personifications of American business in two typical and opposing aspects. Gilbert, his name squeezed by consonants, his mind cluttered with rules and regulations, operates on broad and proved principles, getting what business his sweeping theories encounter, content to miss the rest. Alexander, his name exploding with vowels like an atom hit by a gamma ray, strikes like a hurricane, levelling selected objects, leaving the rest intact. The Earthworm Tractor Company, recipient of the results of both systems, prospers and grows. William Hazlitt Upson and the Philadelphia magazine are probably doing all right too.

There are fifteen stories in this collection, each a perfect example of the Botts-Henderson technique of eventual triumph through complete disagreement. Lovers of Botts will receive the book with purrs of contentment.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by H. R. HAYS

Lie Down in DARKNESS

A Program for China

CHINA LOOKS FORWARD. By Sun Fo. New York: The John Day Co. 1944. 276 pp. Appendices. $3.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

DR. SUN FO is the United States-educated son of China's great revolutionary Sun Yat-sen and the scholarly President of her Legislative Yuan. In Kuomintang China he occupies a unique place. He is a kind of party mentor, a portly, youngish elder statesman whom Lin Yutang calls one of China's "outstanding social thinkers." This schoolmasterish volume is a collection of his lectures and speeches delivered during the past five years to select Kuomintang circles. It is timely indeed.

American newspaper readers know that something is brewing in China, perhaps a profound and decisive shift of political direction. The Government of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has never been so hard-pressed on the battlefield, so beset behind the lines by dissension. In at least two recent speeches—significant, like this book, because the Chungking censorship passed them—Dr. Sun has urged the ruling Kuomintang Party to purge itself of undemocratic ways and to return to the revolutionary path charted by his father. In "China Looks Forward," the shape of Dr. Sun's thinking takes on full outline. What he has to say may well shed light on his country's future, which is the future of a quarter of the world's population.

First and foremost, Dr. Sun is a revolutionary—a non-violent one who firmly believes that China must evolve toward a more perfect democracy in a strictly Chinese way. He admires Soviet Russia and her socialist achievement, but he is certain that the "radical measures of Lenin and his associates would be deplored and would not receive the support of the [Chinese] masses." He pays tribute to the production genius of American capitalism, but he finds grave fault with the inability of the United States to solve the problems of peacetime unemployment and commodity distribution. He scorns the Communists of China who have set up a dangerous "imperium in impero," but he also castigates the Kuomintang diehards who quake in their boots at the mention of socialism and strive to perpetuate their dictatorial authority. What he believes is that China must go back to first principles—the three People's Principles of Sun Yat-sen on which China's Republican Revolution is based.

Dr. Sun defines the *San Min Chu I* as China's "three freedoms"—freedom from foreign domination, freedom from domestic tyranny, freedom from poverty and economic exploitation. Taking a long historical view, he sees the years of war against Japan as an interruption and an incident in his nation's steady drive toward the attainment of *San Min Chu I*. Lest Japan ever disturb that drive again, he proposes draconic peace terms. He would have the Mikado's empire destroyed. As compensation to China, he would have her receive as much as possible of Japan's heavy industry, naval and military armament.

When Dr. Sun speaks of the first *San Min Chu I* freedom, he has in mind the galling bonds of European and Japanese imperialism. He wants them broken not only in China but throughout the East—and the West might well listen to his words:

> We shall not only regain our status of fifty years ago—that of the senior state in Asia—but also restore the leading and stabilizing role in the Orient that was ours for more than 2,000 years. [Indo-Chinese] Annam was for centuries part of our southern-most territory, and Korea looked up to us as her suzerain state. Siam, Burma and Sumatra were tributary states of China. . . .

This raises a dynamite-laden question: Is Dr. Sun forecasting a new Chinese imperialism, however benevolent?

As to the second *San Min Chu I* freedom, Dr. Sun puts absolute faith in the Chiang Kai-shek Government's pledge to call a constituent assembly one year after the war's end. At that gathering, the Kuomintang will surrender its dictatorship and political tutelage of the nation. China will emerge as a popular democracy operating under a constitution already drafted by Dr. Sun and high Kuomintang colleagues.

Dr. Sun's program to realize the third *San Min Chu I* freedom lies somewhere between the Russian and United States approaches. He wants China to borrow the best and to avoid the worst of the communist and capitalist systems. He envisions a China built around a great, state-owned heavy industry, with her immemorial agriculture reformed and modernized. All this, he believes, can be accomplished without "class war." For *San Min Chu I* renders the methods of class war "unnecessary. . . . All social and economic changes can be introduced peaceably. . . . The only conflicts are those between the oppressed and the oppressor—the battles of civilization against barbarism, of freedom against enslavement."

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What Makes a Fascist?

FINAL SCORE. By Warren Beck. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 227 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

SOMEWHERE in this book is quoted William Blake's poem:

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

It is Parker, one of those amiable, garrulous, beery reporters we meet so often in novels and movies, who asks this question of the author, to whom he is recounting this narrative. What haunts him now is the career of a man who has just died, one of today's tigers, an American fascist. Parker wonders, looks back, probes, in pursuit of that fearful symmetry. How was this beast conceived, framed, how brought to fruition? Where are the seeds of his behavior? This novel is a search for these things in the history of Bill Hutten, told by Parker to the writer, to us—a kind of double flashback. A more ambitious and timely subject could scarcely be undertaken. If Beck had succeeded in bringing it off he might have produced a first-class documentary novel; and even in his failure he has brought to the problem enough of honesty and vigor to make a provocative story of it.

The reasons for failure are two: the narrator, Parker, and the subject, Hutten. Parker was in on this story from its inception and is of necessity its interpreter. His view of Hutten gives us not only the facts of that man's life but also the standards by which to judge him. Parker himself has a role to play. By his own qualities as a man the qualities of Hutten are to be made clear. What are we to say, then, of Parker? He is easy-going, tolerant in the sense that neutrality is tolerant, a regular guy with no special social viewpoint of his own and no penetrating thoughtfulness to apply to his task. He doesn't really understand what he is looking for, or what he finds. He does not dislike Hutten very much—there's a key there to Parker's inadequacy. He disapproves of Hutten because he is a queer maverick, not a regular guy. But if Hutten had been regular and easier-going himself, more a solid, jovial character, at ease with drink and women, Parker would never have wondered about him, never have undertaken this search. Hutten is never thoroughly known because there is no one here to know him. Parker is not the man. We needed somebody with a fierce love of democracy and a fierce hatred of fascism to do the work, perhaps like the character played by Spencer Tracy in "Keeper of the Keys" (a story similar in structure).

Thus Hutten must remain an incomplete and unexplained character. We meet him on the football field, hero of some fortuitous touchdowns. It appears at once that he is moody, selfish, unsocial, and resentful of everyone about him. Why? Parker asks himself this constantly, and seems to be headed in the right direction for his answers:

> Was he born that way? I know, you tell me that isn't scientific. But it's scientific that he was born and raised in the south side of Monroe, you say. Then what made the south side of Monroe that way? What made Bill's old man that way?

That's a good beginning, but we don't get much further. Parker doesn't find these things out, and soon forgets he ever intended to. He shifts in his own approach to Hutten, from curiosity to wonder to pity, and Hutten remains incomprehensible. More to the point, he is unreal. This blundering and pig-headed figure, unintelligent, inarticulate, lacking in initiative, is no fascist as we know the beast. Compare this unhappy Hutten with the reality of, to pick a minor case, a McWilliams, and you will see how far Parker, and Mr. Beck, still have to travel for complete comprehension.

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With Charity for All

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE SOLDIERS. By Margaret Halsey. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1944. 207 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THIS is Margaret Halsey's first book since her best-selling "With Malice Toward Some," and no doubt a great many people who remember the gaiety, the wit, and the barbed charm of that work have looked forward with anticipation to more of the same. They will be, I am afraid, rather disappointed, for Miss Halsey, as was remarked of another novelist, has sold her birthright for a pot of message. The present book, whose catchpenny title, incidentally, has no relevance that I can see to the contents, is a thinly veiled treatise on racial discrimination against the Jewish and the Negro people. The argument is presented in the form of letters to a service man from his sister, Gretchen, who works in a New York U.S.O. canteen, and who is horrified at the prejudice and stupidity which she finds there. The story centers around L'Affaire Rabinowitz. Mae Rabinowitz, a young Jewish girl who is one of the junior hostesses, has been grossly insulted by Mrs. Sadler, one of the wealthy patrons of the canteen, and Gretchen's letters to Jeff recount the complications and unpleasantnesses which ensue when she and a few others protest against Mrs. Sadler's behavior.

Miss Halsey is obviously deeply and sincerely moved by her theme, and it is one with which any thinking person is wholly in accord. Her very fervor, however, has led her to thrash about with a violence which, by its inflation of this particular incident, defeats its own purpose. Of course the statement can be made that no incident which reveals prejudice and discrimination is either small or unimportant, and it is this principle which Miss Halsey, in Gretchen's letters, upholds. The trouble is with the presentation of the argument. By making the protagonists incredible and unconvincing stock characters, by filling their mouths with stock phrases, Miss Halsey robs her book of the real force and poignancy which a more subtle and balanced treatment would have given it. Gretchen's long, agonized outpourings of all the details of the canteen's internecine strife over the apology which is finally extracted from Mrs. Sadler unfortunately and really against the reader's will leave him with a slight tempest in a teapot feeling. Jeff, I think, must have become a little weary of hearing about it all, however in sympathy he was with Gretchen's convictions and though it gave him a good chance (which we gather from inference) to get in some good licks of his own about the Southerners and the Negro problem in South Carolina where he is in camp. He was, in fact, dragged into Gretchen's battle to the extent of having to write a stern letter to his and Gretchen's father who practically turned her out of the house because she invited to tea Tom Garrett, the Negro soldier who had once saved his life.

The book, which is described in the blurb as "a kind of a novel," also has a thread of romance running through it. Tom Garrett, an outspoken young man, infuriates Gretchen by telling her that since she has been the victim of one unhappy marriage she is afraid of any man she doesn't think she can manage. They fight like cats and dogs all through Gretchen's letters, and no reader will need three guesses to predict what that means.

It must be very difficult, having written one very witty book, not to feel that you have to be even wittier in the second, whatever the theme, and Miss Halsey has valiantly attempted to pack in between her philosophizing and essaying as many bright quips as possible. She has a great flare for descriptive epigram and sharply turned witticism, and many of the things Gretchen says in her letters are very amusing indeed. There is a sort of Molly-Make-Believe coyness, but there are enough genuinely funny lines to keep appreciative quoters supplied for some time to come. It is unfortunate that the importance of the theme comes off second best.

Poland's Case Against the World

WE STOOD ALONE. By Dorothy Adams. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1944. 284 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by STEPHEN NAFT

THE American wife of Jan Kostanecki tells a human and moving story of her fourteen years in her adopted country, Poland. It is the story of her growing understanding of and affection for that unhappy land which, as soon as it had recovered from the last war, became the first victim of the totalitarian aggressors, and which now, though the Nazis are being driven from its soil, seems to have little hope of again becoming a free and independent nation.

Miss Adams was a student at the London School of Economics in 1926 when she and Kostanecki fell in love. They married and went to Poland to live. Gradually she became adjusted. She learned the Polish language (no small feat for an adult); her son was born and he began to speak it, too; she began to share the patriotism of her husband's family and friends among upper-class intellectuals. She accompanied her husband, an economist and diplomat, on missions to Geneva and Vienna, and helped him in his work for the Polish Government.

After Kostanecki died in an airplane accident in 1937, she stayed in the country which she then felt was her own. In 1939 she returned to the United States at the insistence of her relatives who believed war was near. When she left, many of her friends still believed that there would not be war.

Miss Adams describes the rebuilding of Poland during the years of her residence—the great advancement in housing, in medical and sick benefits, in opportunities for university education among the peasants and workers. According to her, some American and British capitalists doing business with Poland were so impressed by its social reform legislation that they regarded the country as "the incarnation of State Socialism." Though Poland did not have even state capitalism, it is certain that just before the war the standard of living of the masses there was superior to that in its powerful "socialist" neighbor.

Expressing her feelings on leaving the country, the author writes, more hopefully than realistically:

> Poland stood alone. How sad it was no picturesque leader had made these people intelligible to the world at large. How many people still believed Poland was ruled by an autocratic military clique that should have been destroyed? . . . It should be clear at last that Russia and Germany have covered their own imperialistic designs by implicating Poland. Yet many still believe Poland has German and Russian provinces and that these provinces ought to be restored. What can one individual say to correct this misconception? Surely in the end all will recognize this prevarication and abstract justice will prevail!

Miss Adams makes a sincere attempt to say what she, as one articulate individual, can say in Poland's behalf. Though she touches occasionally on political and economic conditions, she is, however, most successful in giving a picture of the daily lives of her family and their friends, of the details of home furnishings, social functions, and family affections of a people of whom Americans know so little.

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What the Blitz Was Like

THE LEAST OF THESE. By Celia Dale. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 303 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THIS is a first novel by a young English writer, Celia Dale. It is a beautifully written, terrifyingly graphic story of what it meant to live in a little house in a little suburb of London through those dreadful months in the latter part of 1940 when the German raiders came night after night and life was reduced to the barest essentials of somehow surviving, of somehow getting a little sleep. The Sharp family were not the Mr. and Mrs. Minivers of England, though they possessed some of the same qualities of courage and high-hearted stubbornness. They were poor and unlearned, they were neither cultured nor charming, they were obscure and without resources and therefore infinitely more helpless.

In August of that year, many people were still talking about the "phoney" war. There had been Abyssinia and China and Poland and Holland, but not yet England, and the majority of Londoners were bolstered by the belief that it could not happen there. Every day the sirens sounded and more German planes flew over the English countryside, and a few scattered bombs fell, and people "went on with their work rather ostentatiously—for there was nothing to it, old boy, nothing to it, although of course it was thrilling to know that, at any time, there might be. . . . The sirens sounded soon after nine that night. In the underground cavern which was the Paragon Dance Palace the leader of the band made a dramatic but humorous speech beginning 'Ladies and Gentlemen, That Man's here again' and got the usual laugh."

And yet there was tension—an indefinable altering of the air, a breathless oppressiveness, a before-the-storm feeling. In spite of the bravado, in spite of the genuine courage, the dread was there. The Sharp family, Mum, Queenie, Reenie, and Tich, living in the ugly little house at 21 Prince Alfred Road of Scholars Town, had their myriad counterparts in London's myriad poor. Queenie worked at Cohen's Clothing Factory; she was, in fact, the mistress of Mr. Alfred, son of the owner of the factory. She was casually unmoral, cheap, fiercely and pathetically independent; Reenie was fourteen, a movie-mad, scatterbrained little girl; Tich, the youngest son (Eddie was in the Army), was slow, matter-of-fact, silent. It was Mum, good-humored, kindly, blind to the faults of her children, who held their diverse lives together, who made No. 21 Prince Alfred Road a symbol of security, of self-respect, home, that however shoddy and commonplace was still a fortress, a citadel.

Through the unbelievable bombings of September and October and November of 1940, the family clung to their anchor. So long as they could keep their home, they kept their unity, their self-respect; they felt somehow that they could endure anguish and terror and the devastation of a way of life. But when they were finally bombed out, when they had to move into the underground, to live like animals in the squalor and appalling lack of privacy of the crowded tube station, something in them died before the bomb found its mark and left no survivors in the Scholars Town Tube Station.

This book is a penetrating psychological study of human beings faced with tragedy beyond their comprehension or their ability to struggle against. Among the ruins of everything they have known and loved and trusted, each of these characters reacts differently. Mum, who was strong and simple and whose roots were secure in her accustomed way of living, is not strong enough to understand or endure what has happened; poor silly little Reenie is involved as the unwitting tool of the hi-jacking activities which flourish during the black-outs; Queenie finds courage and a selfless devotion in her love for a young ex-communist who tries to tell these people that in time of peace they had an obligation as human beings, as citizens of the world, to look beyond their own snug personal horizons; to realize that through the strength of their wills, if they had willed it, they could have had a voice and could have prevented the war which they are now called upon to endure, and which only some of them will survive. It is a harrowing, deeply moving story, and it brings home with a terrible immediacy the horror which war visits upon its most helpless victims, the little people, whether in London or Warsaw or Rotterdam, or anywhere else in the world.

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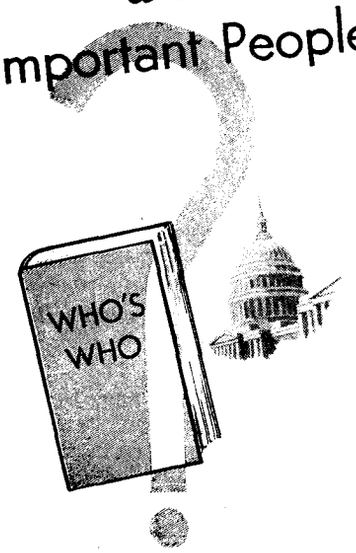

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The Making of a Diplomat

ENVOY UNEXTRAORDINARY. By Donald Dunham. New York: The John Day Co. 1944. 166 pp. $2.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT has paid tribute to the United States Foreign Service as "our first line of defense in peacetime." It is also a largely anonymous and unglamorized branch of the State Department, a sort of ugly duckling beside its swanlike cousin, the Diplomatic Service. In their stations abroad, the 1,000-odd Consuls and Vice Consuls of the Foreign Service handle invoices, visas, business contacts, stranded Americans, and most workaday details of United States foreign policy. They, more than the diplomatic officers, rub elbows and break bread with the common man of other countries. Donald Dunham, who was one of them, calls them "envoys unextraordinary," though he means nothing belittling. On the contrary, in this engaging and thoroughly readable little book, he sings a stout song in their honor.

Mr. Dunham offers no inside politics, no lowdown on international bigwigs, no stuffy hindsight or foresight. He is concerned with "the importance of human factors in our relations with foreign countries." He wants urgently to emphasize "the dominant part played by national character and personality." He believes "we need a realistic foreign policy . . . based not on love but on understanding, one which recognizes the value of good will in maintaining the peace of the world." And he gets across his moral in a warm, pleasantly subjective, autobiographical account of his seven or eight years with the Service.

It began fresh out of Harvard. The year was 1931. The candidate for Vice Consul was twenty-two, with an impressive background in international law, history, economics, foreign language. He took the written and oral tests. "Why do you want to enter the Service?" a grayheaded examiner asked him. Young Dunham answered: "I want to meet and get to know people all over the world." "Hold on to that reason," advised the examiner.

Vice Consul Dunham held on. His first assignment was Berlin. The Nazis were not quite in power. A probing, subtle, Henry Adamish sort of fellow, the young Vice Consul stalked through his clerk-like office routine, plodded through the stolid, un-Oppenheim social life of the diplomatic colony, went to the Opera, found a Kurfürstendamm restaurant that served bacon and eggs and ice cream sodas—and always wondered, what makes the Germans tick?

A wise old Berliner told him: Germans can love music and the arts and still be cruel to their fellow men because they have learned to "disregard human values." The Vice Consul did understand until he saw Matthias Grünewald's Isenheim altar painting of Christ Crucified. That portrait of the "maximum of strength in death" shed a light on the German character. An old International YMCA theme kept beating in his mind: "If you can't love them, you can at least understand them, and that is all you really need to get along together." But one wonders if that is really all. Doesn't the understanding need to be reciprocal? If the Poles, or the Czechs, or the French had understood the Germans, would that have saved them from the Hitler terror?

Back to Washington for another spell of training traveled Vice Consul Dunham. Then, as he hoped, came an assignment to Hongkong. He spent more than two years among the Chinese. They were a nation of individualists, proud of their skill in human relations. "Face was a philosophy in itself, a common philosophy which had value because it directed thoughtfully the intercourse of men in their relations with each other." The Vice Consul admired, respected, loved the Chinese. He sets off their behavior pattern neatly against that of regimented, caste-ruled British colonialdom. Like Wendell Willkie, he found in China an immense reservoir of good will to America—the work, above all, of Theodore Roosevelt who gave back to China the Boxer Indemnity so that her students might go to American schools.

From China the Vice Consul eventually journeyed to Geneva, Athens, and Aden. Everywhere he observed men and nations sharply, though he struggled to understand the "virtuoso" Greeks. He clung refreshingly to democratic ways, never ceased to ask questions. Suddenly, in answer to his most important question, he cut short his Foreign Service career, came back to learn what makes America tick.

The most extraordinary thing about "Envoy Unextraordinary" is its narrative skill. Mr. Dunham is a born yarn-spinner. His deft little stories—of a crucial tennis match between himself and Hasan Ali in Aden; of how he entertained the captain and crew of the U. S. S. *Sacramento;* of American and Chinese businessmen—these and others are told with relish, lively color, and good nature.

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WHAT HAPPENED AT QUEBEC

(*Continued from page 6*)

Catherine Street I found a second-hand bookstore open. I bought "The Captain of the Pole Star" (Doyle) for Bill, "Stories by Tchekov" for a daughter, and Guedalla's "Bonnet and Shawl" for myself, total 65c. The bookseller was a Belgian who said my French is very good.

Today's news: Churchill and FDR have arrived in Quebec. Heard a band somewhere playing "The Maple Leaf Forever."

SEPTEMBER 11. Studied the Montreal department stores. Americans are a nation of window-shoppers. Bought some Scotch tartan neckties. At a bank I met a Nova Scotian who said my French is very good. Visited the Osler Library at McGill University, to which Sir William Osler bequeathed his best-loved books. Among many other things (such as the great physician's gold watch that ticked off so many pulses) Dr. W. W. Francis, the curator, showed me the little *Religio Medici* Osler bought as a young student, and the MS. of his unpublished lecture on Walt Whitman. Osler's own suggestion was: "I like to think of my books in an alcove of a fireproof library in some institution that I love; a few easy chairs, and on the mantelpiece an urn with my ashes and my bust or portrait." His ashes are there, and Lady Osler's also, but tactfully concealed behind a panel. Dr. Francis, in a paper read some years ago to the Medical Library Association, gracefully remarked, "That there is no vestige of his brain among the ashes perhaps does not matter since he is surrounded by its products." (The brain was given for study to the Wistar Institute).

Today's news: Stalin was invited to Quebec but turned it down. Took evening steamer to Quebec. Band played "The Maple Leaf Forever."

SEPTEMBER 12. Beautiful typewriters in the press headquarters at the Frontenac, Remingtons with keyboard including the French accents and the British £. At these tempting machines various correspondents sit looking frustrated. Made friends with delightful French Canadian girl at the soda fountain in our little hotel. She talks no English, but said my French is very good.

News today: the subject of the Conference is choice of supreme command in the Pacific. One expert averred that MacArthur wouldn't get it because both FDR and Churchill are jealous of his prose. This was as much as anyone could learn, so took the steamer up the Saguenay. A rather arrogant priest tried to hook my deck chair. We argued and I insisted it was reserved. I had taken a dislike to him because he smoked cigarettes while reading his breviary, which didn't seem to me canonical? "Vous parlez français?" he asked. "Pas assez pour retenir ma chaise, evidemment," I replied, and he retreated. My brother Felix tells how he once enjoyed a long talk with Lord Bryce, while crossing the Irish Channel, through the accident of having sat unintentionally in Bryce's chair.

SEPTEMBER 13. Even Baedeker gives the Saguenay two stars. Nothing one has heard or read gives any notion of its lonely grandeur. Noble cliffs, frills and jabots of waterfall, schools of white whales. Ideal for a conference, or to consider personal reconversion. Tadoussac a very tempting place.

Back to Quebec in the evening. Stewardess, receiving tip, says my French is very good. (She is from Gaspé). The news today seems to be that Anthony Eden is arriving with very urgent news for Churchill. Exploring the Basse Ville in the dark, heard a band playing "The Maple Leaf Forever."

SEPTEMBER 14. The look of those handsome typewriters in the press quarters, and most of the time few using them, continues to allure. Say to myself, you can't be a free lance if you don't do some occasional lancing. The news this morning: the Cardinal is leaving for Rome with very urgent news for the Pope. The news this afternoon: anxiety about China. Saw Mr. Churchill twice, driving in an open car with Mackenzie King to the Parliament House. He got enthusiastic reception from the crowds, and looked pink and fit; a cross between a bull terrier and the Cheshire cat. Like the cat, his broad smile seemed to linger even after he had passed. I heard a lady say afterward, it didn't matter now what happened, rain, snow or earthquake, her trip was a success, she had seen Churchill. She shed a few tears of pure Nordic ecstasy. Bill and I also showed our emotion in a way appropriate to ourselves. We decided to collect Churchill's first editions.

The clerk at the hotel desk, when I said I hoped he didn't mind my practising my evil French on him, replied with exquisite urbanity "Mais pas du tout. Je suis français moi-

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★

même." The radio in the hotel lobby was playing "The Maple Leaf Forever."

SEPTEMBER 15. The trim little Canadian corvettes lie in the Bassin Louise, their camouflage patterns doubled in the still water. Behind them is the great silver-gray grain elevator, perhaps really the most beautiful building in Quebec. A marvelous scene for Muirhead Bone to draw. Also the little narrow house, with skew front steps, behind the Ursuline chapel. This we liked so much that one night we slipped a note under the door, expressing our admiration.

I had been reading the French newspapers, which buried the hurricane inside. Consequently a telegram from daughters on Long Island, mysteriously saying "All safe here. Buildings intact," gave us startled anxiety. This at once took precedence over any kind of international tintamarre, but it wasn't until 3 a.m. the next morning that I could get confirmed reassurance. Those lianas and grapevines of wire festooned on the Frontenac were too crowded with the rumors of the day to leave current for anything else. By the way, the road that goes out to Montmorency and Ste. Anne de Beaupré should be traveled by any journalists who want to make penance. It's called Canardière.

News today: Conference Will Continue Elsewhere. Pacific Plan Now Complete. Embarrassment of Australian Commissioner Who Was Not Invited, Came Anyway, and Was Not Consulted.

Learned that Spencer Wood, frequently mentioned in the local press, is not a Canadian statesman but the name of the official residence of the Lieutenant Governor. Also that the French word for grapefruit is *pamplemousse*. A Canadian editor who came to dinner told us about a distinguished and witty leader of French nationalism in Quebec (Dr. Hamel) who is a dentist by profession. I did not think in time to say, both dentist and irredentist. Our little Canuck maitre d'hotel mixed cocktails for us, patted me on the shoulder, and said I was *chic garçon*. He added that my French is excellent.

SEPTEMBER 16. Another disappointment for the press. They had looked forward to the following invitation, posted at headquarters: "To All Correspondents: The Boswell Breweries (oldest brewery in Canada) will receive 1-4 Saturday p.m. Vaults will be opened and you be able to enjoy a (or many more) glass of beer." But we learned that the interview with Churchill and Roosevelt had been postponed until 3:30.—Good to know of a Boswell in brewing, as Dr. Johnson was also concerned in that trade.

In the morning I had a pleasant talk, in the sunny prospect of Dufferin Terrace, with a reporter from *L'Action Catholique*. I remarked that within a few yards of where we were sitting there were probably a couple of hundred trained journalists any one of whom could turn out an excellent account in prose of what was happening in Quebec; but to reach the overtones and radiations of the affair would need a poet, or a fabulist like Voltaire. Mentioning Voltaire was a mistake, my interviewer looked grieved—hastily I substituted the first French author I could think of. It happened to be Daudet, and luckily asperged my error. "Daudet!" he exclaimed. "My favorite author, and 'La Dernière Classe' is the best story ever written. I read it always several times a year." Having learned something of French-Canadian sensibilities, I thought this significant.

The news today: FDR and Churchill said that most of the topics discussed in the newspapers hadn't even been mentioned at the Conference. They said so gently enough, and Churchill with gift of impromptu humor. His exclamation "So what?" drew amiable laughter. But I rather suspected they were in for a ribbing sooner or later. The press was not in a happy mood. When they finally reached the Citadel they found that McGill University had stolen the show by a sudden convocation to confer degrees of honor. Trustees and professors and a load of scarlet gowns had been rushed over from Montreal; and while this went on the reporters were hustled and herded down below under a scaffold and among the ancient cannons of the bastion. It was a glorious chance to study one of the most romantic views in the world, but it also looked—scaffold and bastion and velvet pancake caps—like a medieval execution. Looking up from behind and below, one almost expected an ax to fall instead of a silk hood. It is no part of a university's dignity to go touring around to confer degrees; so, at any rate, the newsmen thought. A good press was enormously important, just then, both for the statesmen and the world.—The C.P.R. train carrying the newspaper men home went off the track the next day, and I don't suppose that amused them either.

Late that evening, after dinner at the Clarendon—we knew them well enough now to ask for martinis without those olives of huge displacement. "I hate to remove them," said the thrifty little assistant maitre—Dufferin Terrace was dark. The typewriters were deserted, and I trod on

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something slippery on the boardwalk —a discarded Blaisdell Big Black, the reporters' favorite pencil. The typewriters would go back to Remington, the press and telegraph and censor's desks to coffee (only one cup). In the bandstand they were playing "The Maple Leaf Forever."

SEPTEMBER 17. We were just checking out, and the little demoiselle from the soda and coffee fountain came running into the lobby to say goodbye. She was hastily wiping her damp hand on a napkin; it was deliciously soft and cool as I grasped it. All I could think of to say was "Votre main, c'est mouillée, très tendre." Courtly as a marquise, she held it high. My French is at least good enough to know what she meant me to do.

On the ship that night (it was the last run of the season) the crew were in excellent humor. The *fille de chambre* said they had made 14,000 beds this summer and now she was going to take to her own for a month. We smuggled some of the last of our Scotch into the dining saloon to give one of the stewards a snort. He comes from Newfoundland, and he said—you know what he said. I didn't sleep very well, because the ship has a broadcasting system that relays whatever is going on in the music room. The amplifier was just outside our cabin window, emitting "The Maple Leaf Forever."

SEPTEMBER 18. So life continues, conference or no conference, and no matter how we sell ourselves short. Tramway number 3 is still running. Little towns along the D. & H. are gay with Monday washlines and phlox and turning sumac. In blue September weather my own beloved Lake Champlain is frothed with a south wind, which means cold water. I never saw Willsboro Bay look more beautiful. The trees are reddening on Split Rock Mountains. The train swings widely over brown highland streams and rocky spurs, and the lady from Peru (N. Y.) who got on at Plattsburg was very unhappy in the diner. She was riding backward; she got very pale and sat miserably afraid of her rich platter of duck. She was much cheered when I offered her 50 cents Canadian (my last Dominion coinage) for her apple pie. She said it would be perfectly good money in Peru, accepted it gladly, and fled the car. That was my congé to Canada.

We got home just before 10 p.m. I had intended to turn on Raymond Swing, to find out (maybe) what really happened at Quebec, but there was the hurricane damage to study. Buildings intact, daughters also, but six big trees down and smaller stuff not yet counted. Yet the most fragile things of all, my blue morning glories, quite unharmed. I don't know why, that seems part of the story.

P.S.—I told a longtime resident of French Canada about "The Maple Leaf Forever." He said he'd never heard of it. I described its lively martial mode. It's certainly not a French anthem, he said.—The French Canadian anthems are sad.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
ALARUM AND EXCURSION *Virginia Perdue* (Crime Club: $2.)	Explosion induces amnesia in wealthy oil operator who later regains memory and takes law into his own hands.	Grisly and suspenseful affair, much of it scened in mental hospital. Excellently written and packed with shivers.	Entertaining
THE GLASS MASK *Lenore Glen Offord* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	Long past death of elderly California spinster cleared up by fictionist Todd McKinnon, with help of fiancée.	Admirable blend of mystery and family-history novel. Enough action, and much excellent character work, humor, and lively dialogue.	Rewarding
SINNERS NEVER DIE *A. E. Martin* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Suspicious death of Australian villager involves handsome youth and irritates gossipy postmaster who, many years later, puts pieces together.	Hypocritical gent with passion for steaming open letters—and destroying them—gets come-uppance at last in satirical and mildly exciting tale.	Off the beaten track—and worth reading
MURDER OF A STUFFED SHIRT *M. V. Heberden* (Crime Club: $2.)	Millionaire shot in Manhattan apt. Friend of Desmond Shannon suspected, so red-headed private eye takes over at full speed.	Exposé of draft-dodging racket, five or six extra killings, sundry slugfests, and similar action make it speedy reading.	Good grade—in the semi-tough bracket

The Dictator and The Devil

By

Severance Johnson

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How he explored all eight levels of the outermost planet finally reaching the river Phlegethon in its molten core,

How he learned that Hell was fascist and governed like his own country,

How he met Lucifer at last and tried to trap the Monarch of Evil in a deceptive contract but was himself ensnared.

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The Phoenix Nest

THERE was a thoughtful expression upon the face of the sage of Archie Road as he entered Hennessy's place. "Three fingers iv Overholt, Jawn," said Mr. Dooley, pushing back the hat from his forehead as he leaned against the bar. "Inseasonable it is, *and* war-rum," said Hennessy.

"'Tis not that," said the Sage. "'tis the unaccustomed tension iv me thoughts." "Whyfore?" inquired his Ganymede.

"Jawn," said Mr. Dooley, "we face a virry important iliction in Novimber." "Ah, we do that," said Hennessy. "I suppose ye'll be votin' fer Tom Dooley as wan of the fam'ly?" "That's jist it, Jawn. 'Tis the thing that surprises me at meself that I'll not be doin'!"

"Ye'll *not!*" gasped Mr. Hennessy. "Glory be, think iv that now!"

"Jawn," said Mr. Dooley heavily, "in the furrst place we aint had a Tom in the fam'ly since me uncle Clarence—they called um Tom—McCafferty was hung out west fer harrse rustlin'. In the sicond place Tom Dooley his name is not Dooley but Dewey. In the thirrud place he'll niver measure up to his uncle Jarge."

"An' who was his Uncle Jarge?" asked Hennessy, wrinkling his forehead.

"Mither o' God difind us, ye niver heerd iv his uncle!" exclaimed Dooley. "Why ye great shpalpeen ye, ye done *so,* endurin' iv the late Spanish War in 1898 whin I mesilf jined Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders because they was rough. And if I say iv this wan he aint got the stayture iv his Uncle Jarge, I'll also say truly he's no Dooley—wud ye luk at that now, I'm a poet!"

"Ye'll be thinkin' iv the Admiral," said Hennessy finally, replenishing his friend's glass.

"That's the wan," answered Mr. Dooley, emptying the glass immediately.

"Hinnissy," he said, elbowing himself to a more confidential position at the bar, "Hinnissy, there was his Uncle Jarge Dewey on the *Olympia*—"

"The where?"

"The *Olympia,* d'ye mind, his flagship at the battle of Manila Bay. D'ye not recall the grreat pome iv thim times—?" and he recited with gusto, pounding on the mahogany:

Oh Dewey was the marrnin'
Upon the first iv May
An' Dewey was our Admiral
Out in Manila Bay—
An' Dewey werre the Regent's eyes,
Thim orbs iv r'yal blue;
An' do we feel discouraged?
I do not think we do.

"It's the fine pome surely," admitted Mr. Hennessy. "Ay 'tis," agreed the Sage, wiping his brow. "But now this young Tom! He may hev laid be the heels ahl the Sicilians in the Borough iv Manhattan—which is not, mind ye, to say that he could iver cope with the racketeers iv Chicahga, s'long as even the comic McKernel has him shtopped; but he'll niverr be the size iv his Uncle, Hinnissy, fer he has long neglected the Navy!"

It was quite a speech, and called for "another," which Hennessy hastened to supply. Mr. Dooley continued.

"Now Frank," he said, "he has a rele feelin' fer the Navy!"

"An' be Frank ye wud be meanin'?"

"I think he's the third nevvah iv old Colonel Teddy. An' I've been a Roosevelt man iver since Tiddy sez, 'Don't be afther shuttin' yer mouth till they put a big stick in it!' I was right ferninst um at the blockhouse on San Wan hill, an' I seen um close as I am to you roarin' at us through his glasses. The way he could lay about um in pollytics wad make this Tom Dewey luk like thirrty cents an' a plugged nickel. An' be Frank I'll be meanin' Franklin D. Roosevelt, our fearless Prisident be the same name."

"It's a different branch iv the fam-'ly," said Hennessey.

"It's a high flourishin' wan thin," answered Dooley combatively. "An' it's thirrty years an' more ago since young Roosevelt—him that's now in the White House—was writin' to the paperrs that ourr navy was not fit fer warr. Moreoverr he has safely surrmounted the handycaps iv bein' iv a good fam'ly, goin' to a private scool, an' servin' as Governor of New Yarrk. He knows how to sail a boat an' he's been a true blue Navy man since a babe in arrums. 'Tis he, be rights, shud have been the nevvah iv an Admiral!"

"Still an' all," put in Hennessy mildly, "'Twas Tiddy Junior—God rest um fer a brave Jinneral—called Frank once a maverick."

"He was gittin' out the cowboy vote," said Mr. Dooley promptly. "God rest um, I say too," and his voice for a moment became gruff with emotion, "he was a brave man an' a good soldier. But the young Tiddy was always of the Arrmy. Now Frank he's a Navy man fer all he's the Commandeer in Chief iv the both iv thim. He's the hand in the glove iv Admiral Nimich an' he swaps ship models with Admiral King. An' tell me whin did we iver have, in the whole coorse iv our attempts to stringthin' the Constaytooshun, a finer Navy thin we got right now, in the Pacific, the Atlantic, the Arctic, the Dead Sea, the Meditrainyan, an' aff Riverside Drive?"

"'Tis a Navy," nodded Mr. Hennessy judicially.

"'Tis a Navy y' *knaw!*" said Mr. Dooley triumphantly, and rested a moment upon his oars.

Hennessy lighted a small and very blackened clay, which he proceeded to puff, leaning upon his side of the bar.

"It's swep' the pants clean aff the Japs," resumed Mr. Dooley, "an' it's sunk the subs iv the Nazis down to wheer Davy Jones kin concenthrate thim. 'Tis the rarin' tearin' Navy prophesied be me distant relaytiv Captain Mahan—er Mahone. Who done it? Frankalin D. Roosevelt!"

"Did he do it ahl alone?" inquired Mr. Hennessy.

"Did I dig a ditch all alone whin I had me tarriers?" inquired Mr. Dooley rhetorically. "'Twas Frank saw the need fer a Navy jist as he saw this War comin' way back whin furrst the vice iv Hitler become insupporrtable and unintelligible across the microphone."

"Tom Dewey says he didn't prepare us."

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"Tom Dewey sez!" retorted the Sage with scorn. "Tom Dewey is half the time chokin' on his own brogans. What's this horse baloney he's afther draggin' across the thrail like a red herrin'? D'ye mind that at the time iv which he speaks he himsilf was chatterin' that triumphant slogan iv 'Americans First, Last, an' All th' time—*Shtay at Home!*' An' he a Republican! I'd like t'have hearrd Frank's uncle the Colonel put the name to sich goin's ahn!"

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy stubbornly. "He says now, he says the Adminnystrachin is afeard t' git the byes out iv the Arrmy in the fear that they'll have no jobs fer thim."

Mr. Dooley snorted. "That's the Ways an' the Means thryin' to do that!" he contemptuously averred. "Why th' Arrmy has got it all worrked out fer the byes discharrge come the proper time. But the Ways an' the Means is afther thinkin' securin' jobs fer our returnin' soldiers is too expinsive. 'Tis not too expinsive fer thim to turn over millions fer a reserve fund to the Big Corpyrations. But the Ways-Out-of-Doin'-Annythin', an' the We-Don't-Know-What-It-Means, they sit in committee an' plan how to shtarrt the next war be refusin' anny help to the unemployed that'll soon be fillin' the shtreets iv our cities. They'd grudge a drap iv wather to their enfeebled grandmither an' her dyin' iv the dropsy. The Ways an' the Means is it—the Republican leadership in Congress assembled is it—the skinflint tight-fisted penny-pinchin' hoarse-rantin' teetotal blue-nosed doublejinted—"

"Now!" said Hennessy.

"Me feelin's has got me down," said the Sage.

"They'd balance the budget mebbe," suggested Mr. Hennessy.

"Budget me granmotherr!" replied Dooley promptly. "An' who'll git the balance? The Big Corpyrations. Don't they always clamorr to be supparted in the luxury to which the rest iv us is completely unaccustomed? An' Big Business—which is known in the Noonited Shtates as Free Entherprise—me left hind fut! What does this Tom Dewey want, I'll tell ye. Furrst he wants to move from Appalling tuh Conneticut Avenuh. Nixt he promises ahl th' mothers iv the counthry that their boy'll come home to thim practically within the nixt tin minutes. Thin whin we win the warr he wants it should be down tools and skedaddle, an' leave sick Europe an' gashly Germany to work out anither war within twinty years between thim!"

"He's got Dulles!"

"I scarrn," said the Sage, "to make the suggested pun! I'm first, last an' all the time fer Secretarry Hull iv Hull House. Let Dulles harrn in on that sitchyation, he may larrn himself somethin' at that. But he's nowhere among the big trees iv Britton Woods and Dumbarton Oaks. He's lost in the woods, I tell ye! If they're doin' all they can to beat Frank, they'll niver do it that way. Ner at Quebec neither. Ivry time they lift wan from the flure he beats thim to the punch! Well, anither jolt—iv Overholt—I see I'm the poet shtill!"

"All's fair in love, death, an' pollytics," interpolated Hennessy as he returned with the jolt.

"Yeah," meditated Mr. Dooley. "Ye knaw, Jawn, I wuldn't have believed it iv me cousin Mike Grogan whin he fought the Rancocas Rumpler. He packed an old horseshoe in his glove flured the poor fellah in the foorth round. An' in the foorth round they caught um an' they pee-nalized um. Iv coorse he contended 't was his good-luck piece merely."

'An' how much did they pee-nalize um?" asked Hennessy.

"I disraymimber he got three months," said Mr. Dooley. "Tom Dewey now, I'm sure he wudn't do the same. Only he'd bether watch his punches. They been low enough lately. An', be some mistake, they might at that pee-nalize um by four years in the White House. But life bein' as unfair as it is I think meself they'll pee-nalize Frank. Afther all, he's served a long stretch a'ready, and' I niver did hear yit that they left him out on parole!"

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 67

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 67 will be found in the next issue.

KACKBDKFEK EGFFHL JKMDIKB LH NP FKEKPPGBX LBNLOP; LBNLOP EHRCMKLKMX JKRHFPLBGLKJ QX BKGPHF. DLP EHFEMNPDHFP GBK CGBLDENMGB, FHL NFDIKBPGM.

—SHOF JKTKX.

—WNKPL VHB EKBLGDFLX.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 66

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—R. H. BARHAM.

PERSONALS

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WHO WERE YOUR ANCESTORS? Ancestry traced, anywhere. Sidney Merriam, Genealogist, Marblehead, Mass.

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OUT OF PRINT books for sale: "History of Montgomery County, Pa.," by William J. Buck, 1859. "Men of Montgomery County," by Augé, 1879. Excellent condition. $10 each. Box 225-K.

DUBOIS—"Influence of the Mind on the Body." Western Book & Supply Co., c/o Brandeis Store, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

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LOUISIANA COUPLE living Bayou country desire winter guests. Box 236-K.

EX-COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR, writer, bookseller, with important promotional idea for widening the market here and abroad, desires correspondence with responsible firm, interested in wide circulation and inexpensive editions. Box 237-K.

(Continued on next page)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 33*)

PENNSYLVANIA GENEALOGIES a specialty. Efficiently searched. Box 226-K.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN desires correspondence with female of the species. Box 227-K.

BUSINESS WOMAN, quiet habits, will share small, furnished apartment with another business woman. Object is to reduce expenses for both and to offer temporary home to someone who likes domesticity and modest, congenial, comfortable atmosphere. Cat is other occupant. Inquire evenings, Sundays, ST 9-4692.

CRISP AUTUMN DAYS, friendships and interesting letters. Anyone past fifty. Box 228-K.

TERRESTRIAL LACKLUSTRE provokes young male city-ite; seeks sanguine feminine correspondence out of this whirld. Box 229-K.

WANTED, DOCTOR'S SECRETARY: Attractive girl (20-35) with good disposition, loyalty and interest for semi-permanent job. Reasonably remunerative. Shorthand, typing essential. Bookkeeping, filing, languages, education desirable. Pleasant offices, interesting work. Write full details, with picture. Box 238-K.

BACHELOR, CITY-BORN, country-convert, educated, thirtyish, desires to correspond with attractive, younger woman upon the thesis that country living is more blessed than city living. Box 239-K.

YOUNG LADY, who loves the beautiful in life, desires correspondence with refined gentleman, not too young and foolish. Box 240-K.

FOR SALE: Two black and tan Pekinese, litter brother and sister, eleven months. Reasonable to someone having success with dogs, outlying home, no young children. Will not ship. Dorothy P. Lathrop, 151 South Allen Street, Albany, New York.

TIMID AUTHOR with maiden effort wishes to contact sympathetic literary agent. Box 241-K.

VASSAR GRADUATE, 25, erstwhile reporter, seeks absorbing job as editorial assistant or researcher. New York preferred. References. Box 242-K.

LOST IN TEXAS: Young man. Would welcome letters from natives of own gender to whom the names Wagner, Verdi, Puccini, Tchaikowsky, mean something. Box 243-K.

COUPLE, PEPPY, would like to correspond with others. Live in New York State. Box 244-K.

WE WANT to legally adopt a 7- or 8-year-old boy or girl. Our family consists of one well-adjusted 9-year-old daughter. As a couple we are forty, native midwesterners, college graduates, Protestants, and reasonably prosperous. Our home is a country estate near university town in New Jersey. Box 245-K.

BRIDGE PLAYERS: Are there three moderate players in Manhattan who would accept a young man as a fourth occasionally? Box 246-K.

PERSONAL ART WORK. Your favorite quotation decorated and framed as a motto, or with your home, fireplace, etc., in color on Christmas cards. Oil portraits made from photographs. Box 247-K.

WILL INTERESTING WIDOW write bachelor of good character, fiftyish, who loves nature, fishing and hunting, music, gardening, and fruit growing? Box 248-K.

BOSTON. Young woman or girl with literary imagination, agreeable disposition, attractive, to copy manuscript, drive car, help care for semi-invalid writer. $25 a week. Sorry salary cannot be larger. However, when war over, may be glad to have assured position. Write and send snapshot if interested. Box 249-K.

WOMAN, REFINED, EDUCATED, wishes companionship position. Will go North, South, East or West, city or country. Reasonable salary for reasonable requirements. Enough personal freedom to read, think, and be herself. Box 250-K.

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT GIRL, twentyish, invites correspondence with gentlemen. Box 266-K.

PERSONALS

LIVELY NEWS WRITER, male, productive, with no highfalutin' intellectual illusions, for tabloid news syndicate, aged 22-30 preferred. Post-war job guaranteed, plus reasonable advancement. Apply in person or write to Charles Raddock, managing editor, 3 West 17 St., New York City.

SIMPLE-MINDED GIRL would like to hear what single experience or realization has been most revealing to a more sophisticated and learned reader of this column. Box 252-K.

ENGLISHWOMAN contemplating post-war sojourn Continental Europe would exchange ideas with others interested. Box 253-K.

FIRST NOVELIST, trained, experienced librarian, wants to live in Southern California, Mexico or Hawaii. With advertising agency now. Has expensive tastes and will not work for peanuts. Can command and earn a substantial salary. Box 254-K.

EXCELLENT TYPIST, moderately good stenographer, fairish amount of intelligence; 2 evenings a week or Saturdays. Box 255-K.

TRANSLATOR WANTED: To translate and adapt 200,000 word novel from Hungarian. Box 256-K.

UNOBTRUSIVE EXECUTIVE wants large room, private bath, in refined Long Island home, preferably Flushing vicinity. Leaves early, returns late, away week-ends and holidays. Box 257-K.

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INTELLIGENT COLLEGE MEN, or Ph.D's, M.A.'s, thirtyish to fiftyish, interested in any social science; wistful, perhaps; believing economic equality women; write to like-minded damsel. Box 259-K.

PHILADELPHIAN (female) seeks new connection as secretary, administrative assistant, or similar position. Ten years diversified office experience, including secretarial, investments and personnel administration. Philadelphia location preferred. Box 260-K.

THOUGHTFUL READERS interested in new literature of permanent value by promising young writers, subscribe to quarterly INTERIM, only literary magazine in the Pacific Northwest. 1536 Shenandoah Drive, Seattle 2, Washington. $1.50 a year. $.40 a copy.

WANTED: SECRETARY-ASSISTANT to advertising executive handling book accounts. Good typist-stenographer, ability to follow up detail; some knowledge advertising and publishing; and willingness to learn more will be no handicap! Good job awaits ambitious youngster. 5-day week. Give full history first letter. Box 197-K.

EDITOR, CRITIC, CREATIVE WRITER, with full experience as managing editor of quarterlies, wide university background, best references, knowledge of make-up and typography, languages, publications in well-known magazines, rich and mature understanding of contemporary literature and ideas—wants position in New York on editorial staff of publishing house or serious magazine. Draft-exempt. Box 262-K.

PRIVILEGE OF CLUB ADDRESS and telephone number through New York midtown organization. Special membership-offer: $1.00 monthly rate. Box 130-K.

WANTED: Correspondence with people interested in progressive education, with idea of starting progressive, coöperative, country school. Box 263-K.

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The Crostics Club

WHEN you read this I shall be on the homeward stretch from a two weeks' much-needed change in Toronto, Canada. As last year, I have taken advantage of the friendly staff of the Public Library to gather more Canadian literature and to explore the possibilities for utilizing the literature of childhood and youth as it appeals to adults for Series 18. I am looking forward to the treat in store for me, and, I hope, for you next spring.

The bad editing of Series 14, according to the reply received from the protestant, was in a mixup in puzzle 28, words C and D. In the edition I have, I had noted "printer's error." I am relieved that things are no worse!

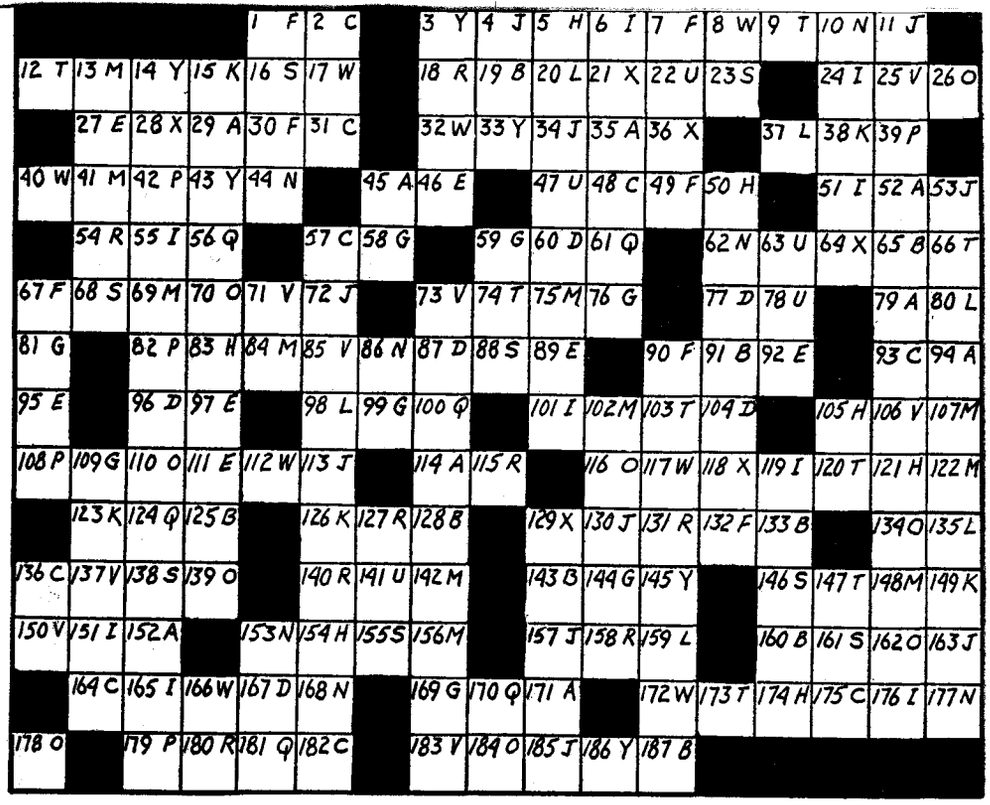
Steven Byington has gone to great pains in a thorough investigation of the Rowson-Rowlon controversy raised by Edmund P. Brown, Belfast, Me. And George J. Murphy, Miles City, Montana, corroborates in part the findings of Mr. Byington. Neither can find any evidence that the facts I gave in the DC were incorrect, though Mr. Brown does quote verbatim from an old Encyclopedia Britannica of 1895. *There's* a case for curiosity seekers! Space does not permit the painstaking facts both puzzlers unearthed.

Elsa A. Spiegel, a Chicago devotee, expresses in no uncertain terms her chagrin at that charge of plagiarism brought against me by Jaques Glatzer. For until 1939, in order to keep up her German studies, she subscribed to many magazines from Germany and did the puzzles therein, a few samples of which she has sent me. (I haven't time to brush up my German to tackle them!) She adds that she has never met any just like my DCs.

"No, really, *ankh* and *cohosh* in one puzzle is going it too strong, and if it hadn't been for Tallulah Bankhead and St. Matthew I should have been utterly sunk," writes Walter Peirce, world traveler and whilom translator for the Government in many a responsible historical post. And, I say, that he ought to know better! For new words are often easily discovered in DCs by the help of familiar ones, the very gist of my theory. As for those two words,—*ankh* I have often used before, and it is even pictured in the WNI; whereas in my girlhood while wandering with my coveted botany equipment in the woodlands of the Catskills, the black, white, and vivid red berries of the cohosh family were my familiar finds.

"My stock of Southern library paraphernalia buttressed by "Bartlett's Quotations" gives me faith to correct you in your spelling of the author of 'Dixie' with two t's," writes Laura B. Alnutt, Editor, the *Rockbridge County News*, Lexington, Va. Have it out with Webster's Biographical Dictionary, my source when I needed to utilize an extra *t* that was floating round!

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 549

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 10 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A weathercock (from Fr.)
152 29 35 114 94 171 79 45 52

B. Fingerlike.
187 65 160 143 91 133 19 125 128

C. A person not to be mentioned.
57 48 2 136 164 175 93 182 31

D. Drama by Ferenc Molnar (J. Schildkraut in N. Y., 1921).
167 96 87 77 60 104

E. To forsake or desert treacherously (2 wds.)
111 92 95 89 46 27 97

F. Norwegian violinist and composer (1810-80; died in America) (full name).
49 30 90 1 7 67 132

G. A goddess of the Dead, sister of Isis, wife of Seth (Egypt. Relig.)
59 81 109 99 169 144 76 58

H. In opposition to; across.
105 174 121 50 154 5 83

I. Common, small, short-legged dog.
24 165 101 51 6 55 119 151 176

J. Desiccates (foods).
72 34 130 163 11 53 185 157 4 113

K. A rude kind of straw basket or hamper (Scot.)
38 15 126 149 123

L. On high; above (Fr.)
159 20 80 37 135 98

M. Excessively strict in manners, morals, or opinions (comp.)
69 142 107 102 41 122 75 84 148 13 156

N. Suffers violent internal commotion or combustion.
168 62 177 86 153 10 44

O. Chokes; suffocates.
116 70 139 110 184 162 178 26 134

P. American inventor and manufacturer (1859-1923; bottle-blowing).
108 179 39 42 82

Q. Obediently following; close behind (2 wds.)
61 56 170 100 124 181

R. The common European grosbeak.
158 131 54 115 180 140 18 127

S. Beings or ideas that have reality or distinctness.
138 155 16 68 23 161 88 146

T. Working in a slight or superficial manner.
9 147 12 66 103 173 74 120

U. A topknot worn on the tragic mask (Gr. Antiq.)
141 78 47 22 63

V. Mouthlike openings or vents.
73 85 25 137 150 106 71 183

W. Imaginary; arbitrarily invented.
40 17 32 117 112 172 8 166

X. The most primitive natural or kindred group.
36 64 28 21 118 129

Y. Opera by Peri (1597; based on Gr. myth).
43 14 3 33 186 145

WORDS

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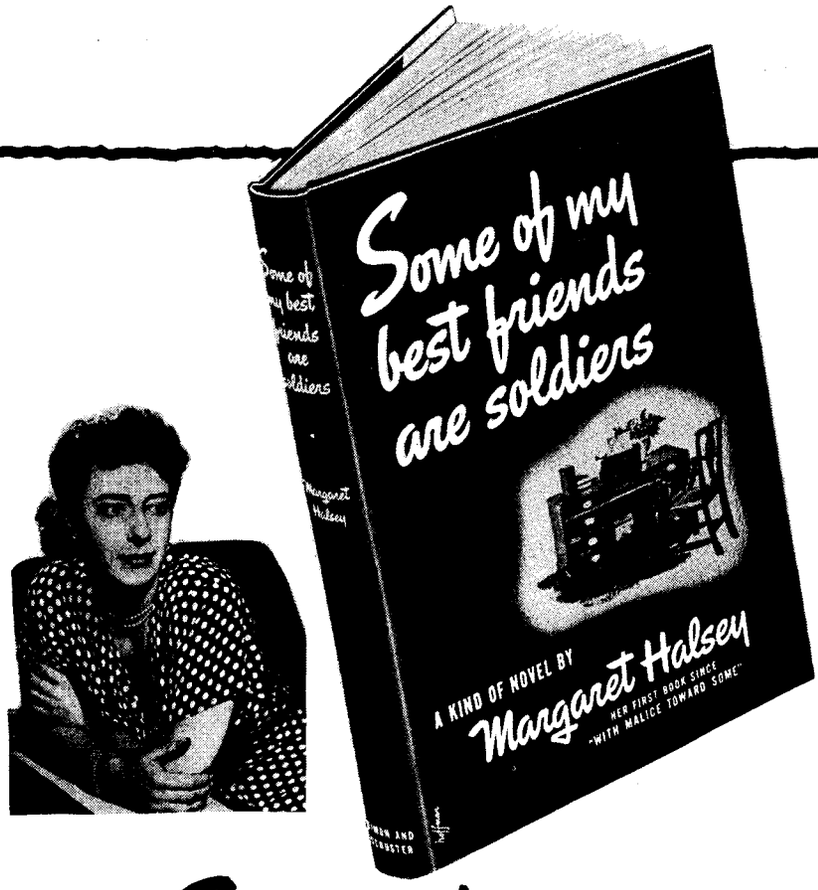

Some of its best friends are critics

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